THE VISIONS OF THE SOUL, Before it comes into the BODY.

In Several DIALOGUES.

Written by a MEMBER OF THE Athenian Society.

There's an innumerable Company of Pre-existent Souls; *those that transgress, are sent down into Bodies, so as being purify'd by such Discipline, they may return again to their own Places.* Pythagoras.

LONDON,
Printed for John Dunton, at the *Raven* in the *Poultrey*, 1692.

The PREFACE to the Reader.

THE *Occasion of this following Treatise, was the extravagant Doctrine of* Pre-existence; *which of late hath been so warmly manag'd, that it wants but a little more to be made a* 13th. Article in the Creed of some persons. *I have pursu'd the humour, but yet as* Comœdians *do, when they dress up an* Ape, *to make it appear more ridiculous: The Ingenious will discern it at first sight.*

To such as enquire the real Design of this Publication, I answer, the graver Conferences carry their meaning in their Frontispiece; *and the more jocose are not without their most* solid Morals; *which perhaps may be more taking to some Readers, than if they had appear'd in a common Dress.*

In the whole Discourse I have advanc'd many things wholly new *and unblown upon, more especially in the* 14th. Dialogue, *where the* Nature, Conceptions, and Actions of unbody'd Spirits *are distinctly treated of. If I am ask'd for my Authorities, I answer,* What appears reasonable, wants no other Recommendation than being so; *and as to what appears over strange, Let the Reader consider, that* Philosophy had never been improv'd had it not been for new Opinions; *which afterwards were rectify'd by* abler Pens, *and so the first Notions were lost and nameless, under new Superstructures; but such a Fate is too agreeable for my Judgment to repine at, or my Vanity to hope for.*

Perhaps I have more reason to beg pardon of my Brethren, the Members of the Athenian Society, *than of the World, in that I have only mention'd the Subject to them, without taking their ad-*

vice in the Compoſure; but my Impatient Book-Seller, *alledging the nearneſs of the* Term, *occaſion'd the hurrying it into the Preſs; ſome of our Members being juſt now gone out of Town, & ſome retir'd at preſent to their Eſtates in the Country.*

However, to make amends for any thing of Errors which have happen'd by haſte, and want of review, (which are many) I think fit to promiſe the World Two more Pieces, *which ſhall have the inſpection of the* whole Society. —— *As this only pretends to* Viſions of the Soul, before it comes into the Body; *ſo the other two will treat* of the Sentiments of the Soul when in the Body, viz. *in Infancy, Dreams, Trances, Dotage.* &c. *and* the manner of its Exiſtence in a ſeparate ſtate, *till it is joyn'd again to the Body.*

The Firſt *Treatiſe is Matter of Ridicule, and a Dream; (*ſee the laſt Dialogue.) *The* Two following *will bear more grave Diſcourſes, being certain Truths; and perhaps* the deepeſt Myſteries that Revelation or Natural Philoſophy can treat of; *and we hope they may be ſo manag'd as not to be a little welcome to the world, both as to removing many falſe Notions, and advancing* ſomething new.

One thing more I have to offer, that wherever the Reader *meets with ſuch Terms as* Time, Place, *or* Matter *attributed to Spirits, he take 'em not according to the common acceptation, but as ſomething* that bears ſuch proportion to Spirits, as Time, Place and Matter do to Bodies.

I have done, and doubt not but to meet with both Applauſes *and* Hiſſing, *and in* both Parties, *from ſuch as think themſelves ſufficient Judges: But I beg their Pardon, if I'm concern'd at neither; being reſolv'd to continue as ſecret and inviſible as the Beings of* Pre-exiſtent Spirits.

The

The Contents of the Several DIALOGUES.

A *Prefatory Dialogue between the* Secretary of Fate *and the* Author's Soul.

1. *Between the Spirits of a* Poet *and a* Drunkard.
2. *Between the Spirits of a* Jacobite *and a* Williamite, *about the Royal Congress.*
3. *Between the Spirits of a* Bastard *and a* Necromancer.
4. *Between the* Militia *of Rational Souls.*
5. *Between the Two Orders,* Rational *and* Vegitable.
6. *Between* Mercury, *a* Pre-existent Spirit, *a* Dead Man, Charon, *and* Hobbs.
7. *Between* Two Spirits *upon the Ramble, and the* Spirit *of an* Usurer *that had strangl'd himself, and walk'd in a Church-yard, about his own Tomb.*
8. *Between* Two Spirits, *the Order of* Vegitable Souls, *and* Cupid.
9. *Between an* Astrologer *and a* Mountebank.
10. *Between* Two Spirits, *about the Retrogradation of the* Dragon's-Head *and* Tail.
11. *Between a* Spirit *and his* Friend, *lately Imbody'd in an* Infant.
12. *Between the whole* Order *of* Rational Souls, *and* Two Intelligencers *from the other World.*
13. *Between the Spirits of an* Emperor *and a* Beggar.
14. *Between Two Spirits that made a Contract to keep a Correspondence, whoever came to be Embodied first.*

15. *Betwixt* Two Spirits, *about the Musick of the Spheres.*
16. *Between* The Spirits *of a poor Doctor and his Friend, and a modern Philosopher,* alias Sharper,
17. *Between* Two Spirits *on the Ramble, and a Flight of* Witches, *with their* Guides
18. *Between* Two Spirits *that are to be* Mayor *and* Mayoress *of a certain* Corporation: *when they come into their* Bodies.
19. *Between the* Parcæ, (*viz.* Clotho, Lachesis, *and* Atropos,) *and a* Book-Seller.
20. *Between a* Transmigrated Soul, *and an* Unbodied Spirit.
21. *Between the whole* Consistory of Spirits, *examining a* Heretick Soul, *about some new Doctrines held forth in opposition to the common receiv'd Opinions of the* Ætherial Fraternity.
22. *Between the whole* Consistory of Spirits, *being a Discovery of Vulgar Errors, receiv'd by that suppos'd Heretick Spirit yet a Prisoner.*
23. *Between the Spirit of one that is to be a Member of the* ATHENIAN SOCIETY, *a Correspondent, and of some that are to be Queriststs.*
24. *Between the Spirits of a* General, *a* Midwife, *and an* Executioner.
25. *Between the Spirits of Two Projectors.*
26. *Between Two Travelling Spirits.*
27. *Between the Spirit that is to be last Embodied, and the Spirit that is to be first re-united to its Body at the* Day of Judgment.
28. *Betwixt Two Spirits, one that pretends to deny* Pre-existence, *and the other, to prove it.*

PRO-

PROPOSALS

For Printing a Book, Entituled,

The young Students LIBRARY;

Containing Extracts and Abridgments of all the moſt Valuable Books Printed either in *England*, or in the *Foreign Journals*, from the Year 65, to this preſent Time. —To which will be added an Introduction to the Uſe of Books, in *A New Eſſay upon all ſorts of Learning*: Written by the Athenian Society. The *Propoſals* are as follows.

I. THat this Volume will contain (as is ſuppoſed) about One Hundred and Twenty Sheets, Printed in a very fair Letter, and of the ſame ſize with our ſeveral *Mercuries* and *Supplements*, that it may bind up with them, or be ſold ſingle to thoſe who deſire it.

II. The Subſcribers to give 10 *s.* for *each Book in Quires*, whereof 5 *s.* to be paid at the Time of Subſcription, and 5 *s.* at the Delivery of the Book; which, conſidering the exceſſive Dearneſs of Paper, and Charge of procuring the *Foreign Journals*, is not dear.

III. To encourage all Perſons that ſhall concontribute to the procuring of Subſcriptions, he or they that ſhall procure Subſcriptions for 6 Books, ſhall not only have a 7*th. gratis*, (which will reduce it to about 8 *s.* 7 *d. per Book*,) but ſhall alſo have given 'em in the *New Eſſay upon Learning*, and *an Emblem* of the whole Athenian Society, Drawn in a *Folio Plate*.

IV

IV. That for a farther Encouragement to all Subscribers (*and to render our Undertaking the more compleat,*) there shall also be *a large Alphabetical Table* given in to all those that subscribe; which shall comprehend the Contents of this Volume, and of all the **Athenian Mercuries** and **Supplements** Printed in the Year 1691.

V. All who intend to assist in the Advancement of this *Useful Work*, are desired to send in their Subscriptions and Money with all speed unto the *Person hereunder named*, where Receipts will be given them: And if they arise to any *Competent Number*, the Book shall be finish'd by next *Lady-Day*, (that so it may be added as an *Appendix* to the **Athenian Mercury** for the Year 91, and be bound up with it, we designing an *Appendix* at the End of *every Year*, that shall comprehend all Books wanting in our several *Supplements*,) or otherwise, the *Design* must be let fall by the *Undertaker*.

VI. If any *Obstruction* for want of sufficient Subscriptions, or otherwise, should happen to hinder the Printing of this *Work*, the Money so received, shall be paid back upon giving up the Receipts.

The *Undertaker* is **John Dunton**, at the **Raven** in the **Poultrey**, where **Proposals** are to be had, and of most *Book-Sellers* in *London*, and in the *Country*.

A
Prefatory Dialogue
BETWEEN
The Secretary of Fate *and the* Author's Soul.

Author's Soul. PRay look over the Minutes of the *Parcæ*, and amongst those Eternal Volumes, see, when I am fated to commence *Temporality*.

Secret. Fate, In *June*, *Anno Domini*, 1664. according to Humane Computation, in that part of the Globe which you are designed for.

A. S. Well, and what Fortune, what Post hath the Lottery of Fate assigned me? What Entertainment am I to expect in a new, Material Mansion?

S. F. Your Curiosity seems to argue a Desire of fixing there; but you'll be of another Mind when I tell you, that *Incorporation* is a Penalty inflicted upon Souls for their Extravagances in this World: *That the Body is a Prison, a Clog*, the most officious Enemy you can meet with in betraying you to false Perceptions, and irregular Conclusions. In short, you'll find no agreeable Object, but at such

times as you withdraw, and converſe with *Beings* as ſimply immaterial as your ſelf. Now you are an unconfin'd Agent, a Stranger to thoſe groſſer Terms of *Body*, *Place* and *Time*: As yet you know nothing of *Magnitude*, *Quantity*, or *Motion*, and thoſe innumerable Errours that reſult from them, by falſe Notions of their Nature. And when you come into the other World, you'll be as great a Stranger to the Nature of *Angels*, *Spirits*, and *Immaterial Beings*, as now you are of thoſe material ones.

A. S. What ſurprizing Relations are theſe! Shall I ever forget this inorganical way of Converſe? Theſe immediate Conceptions, without the Aſſiſtance of Senſe? This ſimple Particularity of Perception, without Compoſition or Diviſion? In ſhort, this Nature that I carry about me? If ſo (*dear Miniſter of Fate*) lay down ſome Rules for me to take along with me, which, after I am imbodied, may reſtore this Knowledge to me, and the unhappy Tribe of Humanity: 'Twill be a great Office of Charity, if poſſible to be accompliſhed.———

S. F. 'Tis utterly impoſſible.

A. S. ——Why ſo?

S. F. Becauſe that *a finite Power and an infinite Subject are incompatible.*

A. S. How far then is it poſſible for Humanity to conceive?

S. F. When the *Infinite Eternal Mind* was pleas'd to create *Matter*, *Time* and *Place*, he extended the *Cælum Empyreum* to confine 'em in. Whatever is beyond this *vaſt Convex*, this *ſpacious Cavity*, is what has been from Eternity:

ty: Shou'd I ſay really what that is, Mankind cou'd not underſtand it, becauſe of an Incongruity (as urged before) betwixt the *Power* and *Subject*: I might as well enjoyn 'em *to ſmell with their Eyes, or tune an Inſtrument by their Taſte.* But however, to ſpeak as near as I can to their Capacities, —— *Quantity* and *Place*, beyond the *Cœlum Empyreum*, are ſwallowed up, as *Time* is, in *Eternity*. Before this *Cœlum Empyreum* and its material Incloſures were created, all was, as now is, beyond it; and when the laſt Fire (a part of that material Fabrick) ſhall burn up all the reſt of Matter, and by the *Fiat* of its *awful Creator* conſume it ſelf, there ſhall be no more *Matter*, *Time*, or *Place*, but all return to the firſt Eternal Conſtitution. Not ſo much as Bodies immortalliz'd ſhall be *Matter*, according to the Definition now made of it; but a new inexpreſſible *Something*, which cannot be tranſlated out of the Language of Spirits, into that of Men: *Matter* is not ſo perfect as *Immateriality*, *Time* as *Eternity*, *Place* as *Incircumſcriptability*.—— And whatever Humane *Philoſophers* wou'd be at, I can experimentally aſſure 'em, that they come as near an Adequate Conception of theſe things-- when they think not at all of them, as they do in their moſt *Elevated Contemplations*. However, not to leave 'em altogether in the dark, a Collection of what you now do in this *pre-exiſtent State* will (if deliver'd according to their Capacities) not make 'em leſs ignorant, eſpecially when they are put in mind of the Method of their own Living before they came into their Bodies.

A. S. Perhaps they will not believe they ever acted such things, but look upon all as a *Dream* or *Fiction.*——— What think you of *Pythagoras* his Collections before he went into his Body? A Copy of such an *Original* must be authentick upon your Subscription, and consequently useful to Mankind.

S. F. I must attend the *Destinies*, who are now Sitting in Council; but when I return, I'll bring you the *Original* out of the *Registry*, which you may translate as near as the Language of Spirits can be adapted to the Language of Men.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE I.

Between the Spirits of a Poet, *and a* Drunkard.

D. WEll met, Brother: Which way is your Flight design'd?

P. I have just left the *Bosom of Causes*, to take a Prospect of the lower World, to see if there be any Preparation for my Reception there: And yet I'm much troubl'd at the Apprehension of being clogg'd with that uneasie, restless Lump of Humanity, and the attending Consequences make me very impatient.

D. Why so? What Conjectures have ye?

P. 'Tis the want of reasonable Conjectures; for by all the Observations I can make of my Temper, I cannot resolve my self whether *I'm a Male, or a Female Spirit.* But why do I thus busie my self about Sexes? Certainly 'tis ominous, and argues my Imbodying near at hand: But if after *Six Thousand Years Expectation* I shou'd be ty'd to a Poet, I shall reckon it a Fore-stalling my Damnation, and had e'en as good commence Devil, without any more adoe, and take up with one Hell.—— See you not that Wretch in yonder Grove, with his Hat over his Eyes, scratching his Head, tearing his Nails, and sending his poor Hackney-Soul about, like a Spaniel Dog, to fetch and carry Similitudes, Rhimes, Composition,

sition, &c. I remember, about Thirty Years since, when he was our Companion, he wou'd sometimes break off in the midst of a Discourse, without bidding God b'w'ye, and away to the Brooks, Groves and Fountains; which made me suspect the nearness of a Poetick Preferment. —— But, hark! —— The Humour of our late Companion in his new Lodging!

When formless and inanimate I lay,
Sleeping in Chaos *with my Fellow-Clay,*
Or e'er those teeming Particles had met,
To make this wretched Composition so compleat,
Without my Knowledge or Concurrence, thou
Bidst me awake and live. ——

Well, and what then? —— Why the Sense is out before the Rhime: Now 'twou'd be charitable to assume an Airy Organ, and help him out, *viz.* —— *I know not how.*

Poor Wretch! He knows not what to do, unless he undoes all, and begins again, which he'd as lieve be hang'd as attempt, having taken so much pains about it already. Oh, for *Sysiphus*'s restless Stone, or *Belides*'s leaking Tun! They are minute and pettite Tasks to his. Not *Ixion*'s Wheel has half the Torture of an over-hasty Period. —— But this is not all: When he has undergone the bitter *Throws and Pains of Rhimeship*, then the Darling Off-spring of his Brain turns prostitute to the Abuses of all the World: The Praises of wise Men are so few, that their Voice is lost in so large a Theatre; and the numerous

rous Applauſes of Fools are too loud a Scandal.——— And after all this, Is't not pity the poor Rogue ſhou'd take ſuch pains to be damned? For there's not one Poet in Five Thouſand that eſcapes. It had gone hard with *Ouldham* himſelf, if it had not been for the Penance of his own Satyrs. Say, *Fellow-Immateriality:* What ſhall I do? I can never look down upon a Couple of Lovers, but I'm afraid their Toying will end in making an *Heliconian Priſon* for me; eſpecially if the *Innamorato* is for Balls, Maſquerading, and Love-Sonnets.

D. Alas, Brother! I'm all Reſentment and Pity. Little do Mortals think what Plague we are at, about the Lodging and Entertainment we expect at their Hands:——— But for my part, your Apprehenſions of Incorporation are all Charms, and Sweetneſs, to the diſmal Reception I look for.

P.—— VVhy, what's the matter with you?

D.—— I can never leave our happier Regions, to viſit the lower Elements, but, before I am aware, I find my ſelf amongſt Sea Fowl, hovering over Rivers, Ponds and Marſhes, admiring the Scaly Sholes, and envying the Paſtime of thoſe ever thirſty Revellers. Now, VVhat can this mean, but that I'm ordain'd to actuate a Dunkard? And if ſo, Hell is a Toy to ſuch a Confinement: This Moment wou'd I plunge into the boundleſs Depths, to be ſecur'd from ſuch a Companion. But why that raſh Thought? Is not Hell alſo crowded with 'em? And are not its Horrours doubled by their Confeſſion? Yet, if Hell cou'd be

Hell without 'em, 'twou'd be a happy Place, and nothing in't of the Beaſt, Antick or Nonſenſe, but a rational Complaint of Deſpair. VVonder not, dear Brother, at my deeper Reflections, till you've conſider'd yonder Figure at the *Old D——l Tavern*. VVhat think you of their Motions, Converſe and Paſſions? Suppoſe all their Diſcourſe were taken in *Short-hand*, and the weakeſt Perſon amongſt 'em ſhou'd have a View of the whole when he's in a *Mood of Thinking*: VVould not he bluſh at ſuch Follies, at ſuch an unaccountable Expence of Time; eſpecially if he thought an Hour ſo ſpent was of equal length with any other Hour in the Line of Life, and muſt be equally accounted for? Alas! VVho wou'd ſuppoſe that Souls, cloyſter'd up in theſe ſenſualiz'd, unthinking Statues, were ever our Companions! Come, let's retire towards our peaceful Regions, and not be VVitneſſes of what a Mid-night Scene produces. A *Poet's Structure!* afraid of a *Poetick Manſion!* 'Tis a Paradiſe, to what I dread. Nor is there any Spirit in all our Order, that can be afraid of ſuch a Body, but I muſt meet with it in this *Epitome* of all Plagues. *A Drunkard can be Poet, Beggar, Cully, Buffoon, or any thing:* So that I am like to meet with the moſt abject Slavery in Nature.

DIA-

DIALOGUE II.

Between the Spirits of a Jacobite *and a* Williamite, *about the Royal Congreſs.*

W. UP, ye lazy Dog: Are not ye aſham'd to kennel and ſnore in that Star, till it ſmells again of Drowſineſs?

J. VVho's there?——— Now, are not you a ſpiteful Spirit, to diſturb my Reſt, when you have taken yours?——— You are juſt crept out of ſome fix'd, idle Luminary, where you have had no jolting, nor diſturbance, and come to perplex me, who am already Topſie-turvy with the ſwift Motion of my *Erratick Manſion*, which moves at leaſt a Hundred Miles a Minute.——— If I am out in my Computation, 'tis becauſe I'm ſcarce awake.

W. Ariſe, prating, and let's away to the *Aſſignation.*

J.—— VVhat Aſſignation? VVhat d'ye dream of? Have ye call'd in at *Aquarius*, for a Dram o' the Pitcher?

W. No, no: A *Royal Congreſs* of all the Princes in *Chriſtendom* are met together, and Thouſand Thouſands of naked Souls are crowding for Commiſſions, to inſpire the ſucceeding Generation of that illuſtrious Convention.

J. VVell,

J. VVell, I do'nt care, I wait for new Revolutions; but if I did not, I wou'd not budge one Foot, for I'm sure we can't all speed; and 'twou'd vex me to the Heart *to put in for a Prince's Off-spring, and afterwards ride the Wooden Horse in St.* James' Park, *or turn Cobler.*

W. VVell, I'm loth to spoil the old Tenet in the other VVorld, that *All Souls are equal, and are only diversify'd by the Dispositions of their Organs*; or I'd proclaim thee a mean, little Soul, scarce fit to animate Plants and Minerals.

J.— Pray, be gone about your Business: I tell you once more, I'm for a *broad Sword and a Centry-Box at the End of the Camll*: And for your Proclamations, 'tis not good I catch ye transgressing upon the Grass, left I take the Forfeiture, and give you a *Strapado* or two into the bargain.

W. I believe you are a Jacobite-Soul, or you wou'd not absent from the Congress.

J.— Perhaps I am,— and it may be I shall have a greater Commission than I tell you of: But this I can assure you, there are many Jacobites that will come in for Commissions, with *private Lewi'dores in their Fobs*, in spight of all the Care and Diligence that can be us'd to the contrary.

W.— 'Tis possible: But what's the Issue of it?— You see *Jove* has taken a particular Care of the *British Monarch*'s Person and Concerns,— and every Sessions the *Triangular Supporter* preaches a late Repentance to his Enemies.

J.— —

J.—— I don't value that; that can only discompose the Body which I shall be ty'd to, and so I shall be the sooner at liberty again for more Rambles.

W.— You're mistaken; you'll find other Obligations upon your self when you come to be incorporate, than you now dream of. But turn and take th'other Nap,—— whilst I attend, and know how to be happy, either in my own, or in my Companion's good Success.

DIALOGUE III.

Between the Spirits of a Bastard *and a* Necromancer.

B—PReach Patience to me!—— O Hell and Fury! That I who was the great Comrade of *Alexander*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Aristotle* and *Cato Utican*'s *Souls*, *shou'd now at length be cloyster'd up in an Oyster-Wench's Bastard!* I saw the *Saracen's-Head Porter* and her at work, but I little thought the Teeming *Embrio* was design'd for me. Alas, from how great Hopes am I fallen! The present *Lewis and his Allye* attended me like Lacquies, and if I had not been upon the Ramble at their first want of Motion, I had certainly had the Refusal of those Commissions; but now I must away, and into such a Body too, as humble *Irus* (were

(were he now alive) won'd scorn the base Alliance, Now must I drudge about with *Dandry-Combs*, and *Small Coal-Betty*, or else move a Thoughtless Lump, from Door to Door, and often meet, instead of Bread, the threatning Charity of *Bridewell*. Add yet to this, Kib'd Heels, a Snotty Nose, and part of *Egypt*'s Plagues.——— Ah *Constantine*, when only thou and I were Candidates for the *Roman Sceptre*, I little thought of such an homely Cottage.——— O Rage, VVretchedness!

N.——— VVho's this that talks of Rage and VVretchedness, without comparing his with my hard Fate? A base born *Embrio* to enliven? 'Tis a happy Residence to mine! If Fate wou'd but give me my Choice, I'd hug the *Brat*; nay, I'd give my Hopes of future Happiness to boot, and think't an easie, cheap Damnation to what I must of force endure.

B.——— How!—— Now my Impatience cools, and grows milder, to think that the Destinies have not left me the only *Stigmatiz'd Infortune*. But how, in what great Instance am I thus out-done?

N. A young *Ignatian* just form'd, when several of us pricking in the *Lottery of Fate*, he fell to my Share; whereupon I read in those *Brazen Volumes*, and found that he will be a *Necromancer*: Alas, how shall I be treated from those *Officious Imps of Darkness*, (the Assisters of that Black Art,) which I have so often chas'd out of these purer Regions, when they have been upon their hasty Errands?——— Or what can I expect from our *own Society*, when I my self shall hereafter come upon the same

ſame Account, *mounted upon a drudging Fallen Angel*, being ty'd to too great a Lump of Clay to ſoar aloft, as now I'm us'd to do, now I'm a *pure Agent*, unconſtrain'd and free, oblig'd to truckle to no Humane Laws? But, alas! my Freedom is about to ſink, *Incorporation* beckens me, (a Law ſeverer than all the Ten to Mankind. ——— The firſt Choice I now expect, is to commence *Junior Devil*, and wear th'*Impoſtor's Badge*. I ſell my ſelf, to buy Preferment in that *holy Tribe*. But, O the *foppiſh Rules* that I muſt uſe, to cheat my ſelf and others! Such Words repeat, and ſuch Characters draw; ſuch antick Poſtures uſe, and ſuch Familiars entertain: And then the Conſequence of all this is only to pleaſe this Senſe, or gratifie that Malice; when all's a moſt egregious Cheat and Fiction, only the Enſurance of Damnation is real. I remember Dr. *Fauſtus's* Spirit ſaid as much to me, and boaſted how he'd fool the Devil: But when he came to be inclos'd in Fleſh, he ſtreight unactive grew, dull, and incapable to think, project, or judge of what he undertook; and when he dar'd to play about the *fiery Ditch*, he fell, and ſunk for ever.

B.— Alas, hard Fate!—— Well, ſince we muſt away, where is this *Jeſuit* to live?— Say,— that when our Bodies are aſleep, we may meet, converſe, and pity one another's Hardſhips.

N.——— Within Ten Miles of *London*.—— *He that can play at Legerdemain with Hell, can eaſily Bilk an Act of Parliament.*

B.— True :— I ſhall find you out.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE IV.

Between the Militia *of Rational Souls.*

Capt. WEll, Gentlemen, the Quarrel increaſes betwixt the Souls of *our Order*, and thoſe of the *Vegitable*; I can't yet tell what will be the Event, but I think it Wiſdom to diſcipline our ſelves in the Art of War, which we have almoſt loſt, 'tis ſo long ſince the Skirmiſh of *Michael and his Angels, with the Devil and his.* I was but *Lieutenant* then, and brought up the File next the loweſt Rank of *Angels*, but we quickly did the Buſineſs when we came to engage; and I doubt not but we ſhall have the ſame Succeſs againſt theſe turbulent *Vegitable Spirits*, if they do proceed to muſter.

Lieut. 1. But, pray *Captain*, what Remarks did the *Aſtrologers* and *Virtuoſi* of the little, heavy Globe, called *Earth*, make on the Action?

Capt. VVhy, truly, (as one of *our Order*, that held Correſpondence with 'em, told us,) they retir'd to their Cloſets, and were ready to crack their Brains; all the Pious went to Prayers, and not one amongſt that Race, but were almoſt diſtracted. The Roaring of our *Vehicles* they call'd *Thunder*; our *Balls* they called *Thunder-bolts*; and our Priming with the *Antiperiſtaſis* of *Snow* and *Spiritous Sulphure*, that they call'd *Lightning*; and all this to ſuch a Miracle,

Miracle, that 'twas put in their Chronicles. But another remarkable Paſſage was this; the Elements clear'd up, and Men ventur'd out of their Houſes again, to view the Heavens, when we had juſt routed the *Rebels*, and were in purſuit of 'em, *leaping from Star to Star*; which made the gazing World below us think 'twas a *Shooting of Stars*.——— But to the Buſineſs in hand: Is our whole Number here?

Lieut.——— Yes, *Captain.*

Capt. Very well.—— *Silence there.*——

To the Right, To the Right, To the Right: As ye were.

To the Left, To the Left about: As ye were.

Lieut.——— You make too great a Noiſe, the World below us will be alarm'd again, and expect a Charge upon their Heads.

Capt.—— Who's there, that Catechiſes me? Set him upon *Charles's Wain*, with two Dozen of *Thunder-bolts* at his Heels, and to abide the firſt Charge of our *Infantry* for his Sawcineſs.—So, very well:—— Mind that third File.—— Keep in Order, or you ſhall ride with your Companion.—— *Silence there behind.*———

Exhale new Vapours.
Condenſe new Clouds.
Shape your Clouds into Vehicles.
Prepare your Balls and Hail-ſtones.
Prime with Snow.
Ram down.
Advance.
Preſent.
Charge.

Lieut.

Lieut.—— Oh, dear Captain, How am I pelted! See how the Region is ſcowr'd behind me for Three Hundred and Fifty Leagues together: Then what muſt I ſuffer, that am ſo near your roaring Muzzles.

Capt.— Enough: Let him down.—— But who is yonder, that makes ſuch haſte towards us?

Meſſenger.— O Captain, Sad News! Your laſt Charge has overthrown three of the *Planets Houſes*, and ruin'd all their *Aſpects*, *Conjunctions*, *Oppoſitions*, &c. that they will never be habitable again: So that all the *Aſtrologick Souls* are up in Conſpiracy, and ſwear a Revenge for ſpoiling their Trade.

Capt. How? How's that?

Meſſenger. Aries, *Taurus* and *Gemini* are no more, and the *Aſtrologers* are up in Arms.

Capt. Aſtrologers dare neither plot nor fight, unleſs they conſult the Stars.—— Now, if the *Planets Houſes* are broke down, the Art is buried in the ſame Ruines: So that there's no danger of any thing but Noiſe, or Revolt to the *Vegitable Souls*.—— Well, *Lieutenant*, for the future you'll learn to be more modeſt:—— See that you take a Liſt of Names, and call a *Rendeſvouz* for Exerciſe once a Week, and remember to fill up the Places of ſuch Souls as are ſent into the other World: You need not trouble your ſelf about your Charge, it will laſt but till 1697. 'Tis ſaid the *Milennium* begins then.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE V.

Between the two Orders, Rational *and* Vegitable.

Prolocutor, WEll, Gentlemen, since we are all equal by Creation, and Inequality is only contingent by Actuation in different Organs, my Opinion is this, (though I'm willing to submit to the Judgment of this *honourable Consistory*,) that a Contention about Superiority may, by a solemn Decree, be enacted Criminal, and a severe Penalty enjoyn'd; or else, that the *two Orders of Spirits* may chuse their several Champions for a friendly Dispute, and cast Lots who shall begin, that we may never hereafter be troubl'd to compose our continu'd *Ætherial Wranglings*.

Both Orders, —— A Friendly Dispute, decisive by Plurality of Voices, is the best Method.

Prolocutor, — Chuse your Champions then. It's done?

Both Orders, ——Yes; and the first Lot falls upon the *Vegitable*.

The Plea of Vegitable Souls *for a Superiority over the* Rational Souls.

Vegit. —— I cannot but think my self extreamly happy, (Most Reverend Judges,) in that I have this Opportunity, on the Behalf of

our Ooder, (whether design'd for *Trees*, *Herbs*, or *Minerals*,) to make my publick Defence against that imperious *Order* of *Rational Souls*, who daily subject us to their Abuses, and anticipate the Tyranny which their Brethren, now incorporate in the Lower World, usurp over us.

But, not to tire your Patience with remote Circumstances, I shall only apply my self to what's materially pertinent to the Business in hand, not doubting to prove, but that we ought to be equal, at least, if not preferr'd upon all Accounts that have ever yet been judg'd sufficient for a Distinction of Priority in other Cases.

And *First*, An *Apple-tree* is an Existent in Nature, as well as *Man*, and much more observant of her Laws; is never drunk nor gluttonous, invades not the Right of its Neighbours, never lyes, circumvents or quarrels, never cries nor laughs at Appearances of things, never fools nor cheats it self, nor is proud of its own Shame: But all this, and greater Irregularities than these, are committed by *Mankind* against the *juster Laws of Nature*. Now the Consequence is plain, that *Mankind* being greater Aggressors upon the Privileges of Nature than we, we must be dearer to Nature than they; and we doubt not but the Preference was design'd us, only they got the start by some Trick and Circumvention, and wou'd now endeavour to perpetuate their Usurpations by Custom. Thus far to our purer Innocence, and exacter Observance of Nature's Laws; which is our first Argument for Preference.

Next

Next, To the Excellency of our Existence after Incorporation; in which, *Nature* shews a particular Care of us, by assuming us into her *immediate Midwifery*; but, as if she were afraid to be accessary to the *monstrous Procreations of* Man, leaves him to the Caprices and Whimseys of his own Lust, to beget, or not beget, as he pleases. And when he is begot, what Image bears he? Perhaps he'll tell ye, the Image of the *God of Nature*. But we beg his Pardon there, and shall take the Freedom to tell him, that his Vices have effac'd that; and now, instead of his polluted *Body*, *Legs*, *Arms*, *Feet*, *&c.* we can shew an innocent *Trunk*, *Root*, *Branches*, *Fruit*, *&c.* And as to his Immortality, we are not yet behind him; for we can't be annihilated, but are always somewhere, or in some thing. Nay, the last Fire it self shall beget in us (as well as in him) a more glorious Change, and not destroy us. But as to our Converse, or Knowledge in the Laws and Constitutions of *Nature*, he is far our Inferior; and he might quickly discern it, if he wou'd but use the same Measures for Trial, as he does with his Neighbours; who, if they can do well, he concludes they can say well. But when do we act irregularly? Are we not always just, temperate? *&c.* In *Minerals*, the Whispering and Embracements of the *Load stone* and *Iron* might convince proud Humanity of our Knowledge: As also the Love between the Stone *Pantarbe* and *Gold* is as noble as that single Instance of a *Pylades* and *Orestes*. Amongst Trees and Plants, the Friendship between the *Olive* and *Myrtle*, the Nature

of *Senſible Plants*, (as your Pride condeſcends to call 'em,) which ſhrink at the ſacrilegious Hands of Humanity; the Plant which ye call the *Indian Lamb*; the dropp'd Leaves of ſome Trees, which run away from you, and many more ſuch Inſtances, might ſatisfie you of ſome hidden Worth and Knowledge in us, which ye paſs over becauſe ye can't conceive the Profundity of it, by reaſon of the weakneſs of your Organs, and Defectibility of Judgment: And yet, notwithſtanding all this, you ſhall have an ingrateful, proud Man come into an Orchard, on the Back-ſide of a Houſe he calls his own, (Fool that he is, to be ſo miſtaken in Loans and Uſurpations,) and with a threatning Ax hew down ſome poor, helpleſs Tree, not conſidering all the time, that cou'd he underſtand the *Victim Vegitable's Dialect*, he might hear himſelf thus upbraided:--- *Ingrateful Man! Where is my Fault? What have I done, thus to be wounded, and tore from my happy Society, into the revenging Fire? Is it becauſe I yielded my Fruit Without a Grudge, and paid the Annual Rent of Nature without Acquittance? Becauſe I kept the ſtormy Winds from off thy Houſe, or lent my hoſpitable Branches for thy Poultrey, to retreat from the ravenous Fox and Polecat? To grow and fructifie is my Sin*; *and to deprive me of that, becauſe I am good, or becauſe I cannot defend my ſelf, complain, or reſiſt thee, is the ſame Cruelty as to engage a Benefactor, bound Hand and Foot. Honeſt* Pythagoras, *although upon wrong Principles, wou'd not have treated me thus.* Thus might this Tyrant of Nature hear the injur'd Tree expoſtulate with him, if he had Senſe and

and reaſon enough to do it. Thus much for the Excellency of our Nature when incorporate: and which we might urge as an Argument of Preference.

But after all, we'll relinquiſh the Advantages of what has been ſaid, on purpoſe (if poſſible) to gratifie that Monſter *Humanity*, and only inſiſt upon the enſuing *Topick*, which has nothing in't of Accuſation, Cenſure, or Pride, *viz.* 'Tis generally believ'd all Souls are equal in *Entity*; whereupon it follows, that we are not yet drain'd into the Poſteriors of *Immateriality*, having not yet ſuffer'd any Change, or been included in Matter or Form; ſo that whatever Indignities have hitherto been caſt upon us, it has been out of a Suppoſition of Degeneration by mingling with improper Organs in the lower world: Now either we are compell'd to it or not; the laſt ye are ſenſible is not our choice, and the firſt there's no reſiſting; and if ſo, we ought not to be deſpis'd for what we can't avoid; for we being commanded into Organs that are only fit for *Vegitation*, do *Vegitate*, and the *Rational* finding a convenient Organ for *Ratiocination*, does *ratiocinate*. Whereas if the *Rational* had been cloyſter'd in the Organs of *Vegetables*, or the *Vegitable* had been ſent into the Organs of *Rationals*, we had chang'd our Offices, and commenc'd alternate Beings: Where is the difference then, or what reaſon is there for *Rationals* to pretend Priority overus? None at all; No more than when Three Novice-Dicers ſhou'd caſt 8, 10, or 12, and he that

throws most, shou'd brag of his Nobility, for being a greater Debtor to *Fortune* than the others: Thus our degrees of *Existence* in the other world, will be owing not to our proper Choice, but a *Despotick Impulse and Disposal of Fate*; so that we shall actuate there like exil'd Kings, who are not less of the *Blood-Royal*, for Suffering or Confinement.

The Defence of the Rational Order *of Souls, against the Plea of the* Vegitable Order.

Rational.——Our *Vegitable Orator* (most judicious Auditory) has been pleas'd to offer to relinquish the Advantages of the former part of his Harangue, when he found he had spent his Stock of Calumny, to raise a prejudice in your Unbyas'd Judgments against the Dignity of our *Order*, and afterwards, under pretence of Accommodation, being sensible of the weakness of his Cause, wou'd insinuate one *Topick* void of *Accusation*, *Censure*, or *Pride*, (as he calls it,) we might add, or *Reason*.) But as we are not against any Overtures of Peace that shall be decreed by this *Worthy Assembly*; so we shall endeavour to shew a deep resentment of any dishonouble Terms to attain it.

Wherefore we restore our *Antagonist* all the Advantages he can make of the former part of his Discourse; which we shall discuss particularly.

And first, We never treated these *Vegitables* as *Non-Existences* in Nature, nor have they proved one Act of Tyranny which we have exercis'd

exercis'd over 'em. And why they shou'd boast of their not being, drunk, injurious, lying, quarrelling, circumventing, *&c.* is very ridiculous; since their Organs incapacitate them from such Functions. Suppose it were criminal to fly, shou'd a Rock boast of its Virtue in refraining? Not, unless Nature had given it Wings, Power and Pleasure to fly: And they'll come off no better in accusing us of quarrelling, injustice, *&c.* It shews the great variety of Functions we are capable of. Besides, in doing so, we pursue an appearance of some Good, (for we can't will Evil as Evil,) and in doing so, we act naturally; so that at the same time as they accuse us of quarrelling *&c.* they accuse themselves of blooming, fructifying, *&c.* which is natural to them. As for that observation of Natures assuming them into her *immediate Midwifry* and Care, and leaving us to our own pleasure in Generation, 'tis an argument of our prehemenence; for Nature deals with them as Parents do with Children and Fools; they must be fed, kept out of Fire and Water, and Provision made for 'em; but we being above such little usages, are able to procreate without compulsion, and are accordingly left to our selves; *Nature always employing most of her Care where her works are most weak and imperfect.*

As to the defacing our first Image by our Vices, we have already answer'd it above; in shewing how ridiculous and foreign it is to urge a Case out of their own *Classis*, altho' if they were capable to understand it, we cou'd tell 'em of a remedy for our restoration.

But what a wretched Argument they bring to make their Duration equal to our Immortality, upon ſuppoſition of Non-annihilation; for tho' we grant 'em to be always ſomewhere or in ſomething after a ſpecifick diſſolution by Motion, (or Fire, which is the ſame,) yet they come to be nameleſs,--indiſtinguiſhable, and as hard to find out, as when they lay in the boſom of their *Chaos* or *firſt Matter*, and 'tis as good to be nothing, as an undefinable Separation of unknown Particles. But we put off our Nature to receive it again more refin'd than before.

The next Argument inſiſted on, was, *Their excellency of Converſe, and Knowledge of the Laws and Conſtitutions of Nature*; which is all *Ænigma* and Riddle to *our Order*, nor can we ſuppoſe it, for all thoſe Inſtances that they have brought to confirm it, without violence to Reaſon; but however, ſince we will not be behind 'em in Civility, for quietneſs ſake, we'll grant 'em an *unknown Dialect and Converſe*, and ſee what will come on't then.

The Idiom of your Language, be it what it will, is not to be excus'd from Lies, Slanders, Hereſie, *&c.* For no doubt, but when a *Learned Tree* amongſt ye, holds forth the Doctrine of Fructificaton, *&c.* you ſhall have its next Neigbour with ſecret ſubterranean Fibres, falſlonioufly ſucking away the Sap and Life of its Teacher; and the more audacious *Wood-bine*, not aſſam'd of a publick Rape upon every *Plant* it meets with, and ſince ye your ſelves agree that Words and Actions are Sympathetick, what Equivocations, private

Cabals

Cabals and Plots ye have together, when ye see an hopeful *Embryo-Plant*, without giving any affront, environ'd round, and ſtrangled to death with an Ambuſh of malicious Thorns and Briars: And ſince ye give us two or three Inſtances of the Sympathy (which ye call Converſe) between *Plants* and *Minerals*, ye muſt give us the Liberty to obſerve, that 'tis but them Inſtances, and a few more that are to be found in your whole *Oeconomy*, but that generally you are ſo ſuſpicious, and afraid of one anothers Tricks, and Circumventions, that ye keep no Correſpondence at all. As to a man's Tyranny over his *Apple-Tree*, in cutting it down when he pleaſes, the Imputation is loſt, if we prove he has a right to do it, as we ſhall by and by, when we come to conſider your laſt *unanſwerable Topick*: In the mean time, the fine Harangue you make the falling Tree to ſpeak, is very different from the cuſtom of other Trees, who in ſuch a moment are rather ſtudying revenge, than any thing elſe; as may be ſeen by their often falling upon, and killing the perſon that cuts 'em down; nay, we cou'd give you ſome Inſtances where your Revenge has been ſo unjuſt, as to deſtroy the Horſes and Oxen, that only ſtood by to draw ye away, and that only in obedience to their Maſter's Command.

And now to the *laſt Topick*; the only Pillar upon which ye boldly offer'd to lay the Structure of your whole *Plea*, in which you urge, That there's no reaſon of prehemineence where the choice is not our own, but *the deſpotick Impulſe or Diſpoſal of Fate*; bring-

ing

ing the Instances of *Dicers*, and the Nobility of an *Exil'd King*; to which, we answer, That Dignity is Dignity, whether acquir'd or conferr'd, to use your own Instance: Suppose *A. B. C.* equally skilful, throw, who should throw most for a certain Preferment, and *C.* accidentally, or by a secret Order of Fate, casts 12, when *A.* cast only 8, and *B.* 10, is not *C.* upon his *Investiture* into his Office, more honourable than *A.* and *B.* especially when they come bare-headed to petition such or such a Favour from him, they are mad if they don't believe it, and he deserves himself to be turn'd out of his Office that undervalues it, so far as not to execute it, and keep up its Privileges. To the last Instance, we answer, That Fate is not accountable to Persons, whether it prefers or debases 'em; but it expects in both conditions they make the best of its disposals: and thus we conclude, not at all doubting the favourable Suffrage of this *Convention*, to confirm our Privileges and Dignity above the Order of *Vegitables*.

Major Part.——The *Rational*, the *Rational Order*.

Prolocutor.——Well Gentlemen, withdraw, there shall be an effectual Care for a Regulation of what's amiss; and as near as may be, to a general Satisfaction, and so depart in Peace.

DIA-

DIALOGUE VI.

Between Mercury, *a Pre-existent Spirit*, *a* Dead Man, Charon, *and* Hobbs.

Mercury—STand back there, I'm in great haſte; a poor VVretch that lies ſtrugling under the pangs of Separation, cannot be loos'd till I hand him to *Charon's Ferry*.

Spirit—Pray good *Mercury*, hold a little, I have one requeſt to beg of you.

Merc.——Speak——Speak quickly, VVhat is't?

Sp.—Only be my Guardian, and let me wait upon you into the other VVorld, thence to the Infernal Shades, and ſo back again.

Merc.——Indeed your *Order* has been very civil to me always when I paſt theſe Regions, and tho' it will be ſome trouble to me, yet your Requeſt is granted,——take hold of that end of my *Wand*, and keep cloſe behind me.

Sp.——VVhat ſtrange———

Merc.—Huſh, not a word, we are now at our firſt Journeys end.——Ay, that's the Object; ſee how Death has fixt his Eyes, and ſits triumphant upon his Lips: So, now I have eas'd him, his Corps muſt be left to be lamented and buried by his Friends, but he marches with us.

Sp.——VVhere is he?

Deadman.

Deadman——Here, What do ye design to do with me?

Merc.——That last Office I do to all Mankind——Conduct you to your last Aboad——Holo *Charon*, make haste, and take this Fare.

Charon——What is he? He smells of Parchment, Subpœna's, Injunctions, &c. Was he not *towards the Law?*

Dead.——Yes, I have been a *Barrister.*

Ch.——*Mercury*, I dare not take him with all that Luggage about him; he'll sink the *Wherry.* Take away that *Forgery*——Very well, and that *double Mortgage*——So, and that *Parcel of Replications, Writs of Error*, &c.——Ay, now we are light enough, we'll be over presently.

Dead. Where am I now?

Merc.——Amongst your Predecessors; you are welcome to Shoar, and so farewel; Come along Comrade.

Sp——Tarry a little, he says something. I wou'd fain know what Thoughts I shall entertain, when I have left my Body.

Dead.——Amongst my Predecessors? Then I'll go seek out for Mr. *Hobbs*, to know the reason why I am thus cruelly treated, when I follow'd his Rules, so exactly.——Yonder he goes——*Hobbs*, Mr. *Hobbs.*

Hobs——How I am continually plagu'd, with my new Proselytes, that lay all their Damnations at my door? But I believe some on 'em put upon me; I'll question this new Comers Principles——Do you know me?

Dead.

Dead.——Yes to my Sorrow: ——What think you now of your Doctrine of Fatality?

Hobs——What Doctrine do ye mean?

Dead.——That every individual person is fated to all the Actions of his Life; yea, even the most minute and inconsiderable; as for instance, to get up at such a time of the Day, to feed himself precisely at such an Hour, and with such a certain number of bits, to go over the Streets at so many Steps, to Whore and be Drunk at such a time, to go to Prayers and be Melancholy at such a time, to dispute against his Principles at such a time: In short, that all that we *think, say, and act*, are necessarily predestin'd, and run as links in an inevitable Chain of Causes.——What think ye of the Reasons of this Hypothesis now? That we are made up of two parts, a Soul, and a Body; and that when these are conjoyn'd we must live necessarily as long as we do live; and that so long as we do live, we must necessarily have a mind which has its perception by the Senses: That as this perception is necessary, so is the choice that we make by it: As for instance, Something that is good, or at least appears so to the perception, offers it self, and as such, 'tis impossible to refuse it, as a proper Object to the mind, as 'tis also impossible after perception, to choose an Evil as such; and thus we are fated to Whoring for those Arguments which our reason offers, that we should refrain, carry not along with 'em so great a good to our perception, as those other reasons that induce us to it, and as a great power necessarily commands a lesser, so the will

will necessarily chooses it as most agreeable to it, and thus I refrain Whoring, when there appears a greater good to let it alone: Thus I am fated to make so many steps in walking the length of my Chamber, because to step so far at a step, appears more agreeable to my Constitution, Fancy, &c. than to step further or shorter, and therefore as most agreeable, it most inclines my will, which therefore is necessitated to act accordingly: As to the Body it depends necessarily upon the Mind, for my Hand cannot move of it self, unless I move it, and if I move it, it is necessitated to move, and can't help it; and thus, Mr. *Hobbs*, I'm necessitated to be Damn'd, because the way to it, had more appearance of good in it, than walking in another way, and therefore I cou'd not but choose it. Oh! what an *Unhappy Wretch* was I, that was not fated to examine this Doctrine by the same Measures that I did all others; truth is only known by falshood, and falshood by truth; black by white, and white by black, and every thing by its contrary: What a Mysterious Riddle then is this, *Which is both, and all one?* *viz.* Do, or do not do, 'tis fated. If I wou'd have done a thing, and examin'd it's contrary, *viz.* cou'd not do it, or *vice versa*, then there had been fate in the case, otherwise Bubbism, or a new Riddle, whose Solution had been Ruine in one World, and Damnation in another. What's the meaning of Laws, Rewards, and Punishments? For if I act what I must act, Why am I bid to do so, or forbid to do so? If I rob my Neighbour, Why shou'd a little super-

superinduc'd Law take hold of me, and not that great Law of Fatality preserve me since I act agreeable to it? What injustice can I do when eternal Fate stands by me, and warrants all my Actions? Fool that I am, was I to live my Life over again, I wou'd only believe, and warrantably too, that Fate, though it be like a Law, yet it speaks not in this manner; *This Man shall do thus, and this thing shall befal that Man*, but rather thus, whatsoever a Soul chooseth, such and such things shall certainly follow; for 'tis not the Action, but the Consequence of the Action, that is Fate.——If Fate had design'd, that if *Paris* Ravish'd *Helena*, the *Grecians* shou'd contend with *Troy* about it; But this was once in *Paris*'s power to do, or not to do without Compulsion or Necessity. Thus *Apollo* foretold *Cains*, That *if he begat a Son, that Son would kill him*, which was conditional and not necessary, thus *Plato*; *If it were not thus, the ill have a protection for their Vices, and the Good deserve no praise.* To which I might add, *That there are certain Moral Instincts, co essential with Humanity, eternally fixt and unchangeable, such as Love, Justice, Religion, &c. not fitted to a private temper, or a particular Nation, to these Instincts we are all really chain'd by a Fatality and necessity of Act, more or less, notwithstanding all our struggles to be rid of 'em, but to speak of Fatalities in opposition to these, is to charge the great eternal mind with Contradictions, Divisions, and at last with Non-Entity*; which now I can too late think of: Oh that I could, that I could.——

Sp.

Sp.—Pray *Mercury* let's begone from this unhappy Subject of Fatality, and let's see something new among the Dead. I want to take a view of *Alexander*, *Cæsar*, *Hercules*, *Epimenondas*, and the other brave *Heroes*, so much talkt of, or the great Philosopher *Menippus*, I know not which to ask for first.

Merc.—*Menippus*! He was the greatest Man the World ever bred, his life really Philosophiz'd, whilst others Talk'd,—That is he there, you cannot vex him.

Sp. Lend me your *Wand*, I'll hit him one dab on's Pate for Tryal.——

Merc. No, no, you must be civil to Strangers.—See that behind him is——*Hercules.*

Sp.—But where's his Club? Methinks he looks so like a *silly Puny*, that I durst venture a foil with him: But where's fair *Helen*, and the ugly *Thersites*?

Merc.—They stand together there.

Sp.—Bless me! *How the Dead equals all things?* I have only one other Question to ask, and I have done; Pray *Mercury*, of what Quality or Calling are those generally, who are dignified for their Vertue.

Merc.—Ignorant poor Labourers of both Sexes, that have been the greatest Enemies to their Senses, those Nurses of all Vice.

Sp.—This will be strange News for our Ætherial Inhabitants, who are all gaping to be *Lords*, *Dukes*, *Princes*, *and Emperors.*

Merc.—Come, let's be gone, my business is never sleeping.

Sp.——I can't press upon you any longer,—pray lead the way—Strange! Where are

we

we got already?—— What fine Countries are yonder?——

Mer.— *Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Bithinia,* &c.— Well, Do you know where you are now?

Sp.— In my own Region. Thanks, kind *Mercury* for this Kindness.

Mer. I am glad I have gratify'd you. Farewell.

Sp.—— Farewell.

DIALOGUE VII.

Between Two Spirits *upon the Ramble, and the* Spirit *of an* Usurer *that had strangl'd himself, and walk'd in a Church-yard, about his own Tomb.*

1. *Sp.*— METhinks (tho' I know no reason for't) I tremble to come so near these Regions of Death and Horrour. What shou'd we do here, amongst the *Graves* and *Tombs* of the *Deceased*? Is it pleasant to view the Triumphs of that pale-fac'd *Tyrant*?

2. *Sp.*—— No: But if we can find some of our old Acquaintance, hov'ring o'er the Prisons of their Bodies, it may be a Satisfaction to ask some Questions. There is one

that often visits his *Tomb*, (and Body, which he left too hastily:) He can't be long absent, the *Clock* has struck Twelve.—— Hush, here he comes:—— Stand still, and put on Invisibility.

Suicide,—— Hail, dear *Tomb!* the dear Repository of my other Part.——— But why shou'd I love and pardon the adulterous Lump, which left me, for the Embraces of *Death*; and being deaf to all Intreaties and Reasons, violently thrust me out of Possession. How am I then bewitch'd, to visit the old, ingrateful Mansion, and assume an Aerial Resemblance of what I once was!—— Assist me, *Fancy*: What Hair had he?— Right. And what a Face?— That's exact.—— Now, for a Body, Arms, Thighs, Legs and Feet? They are more easie.— So.—— Now, for Cloaths?— That's truly imitated. Now methinks I am *A.*-- *B.*- the very same throughout: How I hug my self in this Figure!—— There's nothing wanting now, but to tell Moneys upon this *Grave-stone*, till the envious *Cock* proclaims a too too eager Flux of Time.-- Very well: Now I am seated.—— Perhaps some Fools may be frightn'd at me.

2. *Spirit*.—— Why ha' now, old Comrade? What's the meaning of this wealthy Posture? Come, will ye give a Bag or two for old Acquaintance sake?

Suicide.— Why upon this Errand at such an unseasonable Hour? You are come on purpose to give me a Visit: Are n't ye?

2. *Spirit*.——— Yes, we are so: And we hope your Entertainment will be fitting to

Visitants;

Visitants; especially, since we expect no more from you, than the Solution of a few Questions.

Suicide.—— Pray, What are they? I'll oblige ye, if I can.

2. *Spirit.*—— What Apprehensions have Mankind, when they see this *Airy Vehicle* that you assume every Night? Whether is the Spectacle pleasant through the Novelty of it, or dismal for want of understanding it.

Suicide. Mankind has very different Apprehensions of me: Some, when they see me, run stark mad immediately. Others come on purpose swearing, all's Delusion, a Cheat, or an Imposition on the Senses; and when they see us, won't believe their Eyes; only sometimes we have particular Commissions to undeceive 'em, with a witness. A Third Sort, a little wiser than both, keep so much *Presence of Mind as to see us, and troop off quietly*, with their Hair bolting up an end. But here and there are a very few that have more adequate Conceptions of us, and neither seek nor flee our Company, knowing that we Souls and Spirits have no more Power over 'em in Bodies, than we have out; and that whatever Power we have at any time is only lent us, and also limitted, and not to be extended when and where we please. So that we are really no more in our own Nature and Power, than what their Fancy makes us. Thus Reason secures some against us; and Religion a very few, who can master all the little Suggestions of Fear by their Faith.

2. *Spirit.*— Very well.——— Next, Why do ye thus hanker after a rotten, putrifying Body; chusing that Shape that it once bore, before all others?

Suicide.——— Because I was turn'd out of doors by violence, without so much as taking my Leave of it, or its bidding me Farewell.— And cou'd I quietly brook such an abrupt, hasty Separation from a Comrade, I had been so intimate with for near Seventy Years? What tho' it was deaf to my Counsels and Reasonings, yet it was my other Part; and as before Incorporation I found my self imperfect, but half an Entity, now I am so again, and shall be, till I am re-united to my old Companion. But this is all Riddle to you, who have not yet known how Souls act in Bodies, how the Intellect conceives *Ideas* of Material Objects by the Senses. Did you but know how the Visive Power conveys the Similitude of the Thing seen to the Soul, you'd wish to be incorporate, tho' it were *in one single Eye*: How much more when you'd have all the Senses to command? When you'd have a whole *Microcosm* to rule in, like a Deity? Now, after all this, Which of you wou'd not love the Remembrance of such an Union, and imitate it, till the time of Re-union renders ye a perfect, compleat Being again?

Quest. But what was the Reason of your sudden Separation from the Body?

Answ. The Body being part of my self, I was willing to gratifie it as far as I cou'd, even to a Weakness; which I continu'd so long, till it grew habitual, and I lost my Command,

mand, fixing my Happiness upon wrong Objects, *viz.* the little Concerns of the World; which bearing no Analogy or Proportion to the Greatness of a Soul, caus'd an Uneasiness. 'Tis incongruous to try Sounds by the Taste, they being the only proper Objects of the Ear. There is no Object for the Soul, but God; as appears by its Rest when fix'd on him, and Uneasiness every where else. And thus I, by the Importunity of my Body, and the Defectibility of just Perception, expecting Happiness where it was not to be had, grew impatient under the Disappointment, even to *Strangling*, to be rid of the Burden.

2. *Spirit.*—— Alas, unfortunate Brother! We can do no more than pity thee, and own our Obligations for these Discoveries.—— Farewell.

DIALOGUE VIII.

Between Two Spirits, *the Order of* Vegitable Souls, *and* Cupid.

1. *Sp.*—— WEll, What News, Brother?

2. *Sp.*—— The strangest Adventure you ever heard of. *Cupid* having Commission to distract some body in the other World, as he fled down he miss'd his Way, and rambl'd into our Regions, where the *Order* of *Vegitables* are pillaging the little

Wag of his Bow and Quiver, and pretend to cure him of his Blindness.

1. *Sp.*—— Let's away to see the Humour on't: I believe the arch Knave will put a Trick upon 'em all, and come off with flying Colours.

Cupid.—— Nay, but, Gentlemen Spirits, pray be civil.—— What's the meaning of this?

Virgit.—— The meaning on't is, that since you have found the way into our Quarters, we have a Mind to hinder your Pranks here; we have no need to be fool'd and plagu'd, as the Inhabitants are both in Heaven and Earth (if we may believe the Poets.)

Cupid.—— By me?

Virgit.—— Yes, by you. And what can we expect from one that bewitches his own Mother with *Adonis*, *Anchises? &c.* You know nothing (I'll warrant you) of *Endymion*, *Hyacinthus*, the *Adulterous Net*, and a Thousand more such things: Do you? Nor can *Jupiter* himself escape you, but down goes his Target and Thunderbolts, and away to *Taw* and *Push-Pin* with *Ganymede*: Sometimes he's Metamorphoriz'd into *Gold*, now a *Swan*, then a *Bull*, anon a *Shepherd*, and so on, according as your Whimseys dictate, whilst the Government of the World lies at Sixes and Sevens, and he that has the longest Nails and Teeth is the best *Entity*: And when your Caprices and Magots are surfeited with *Ætherial Amours*, away ye troop to the Earth, where you tye a Prince to a Stage-player, and a Princess to a Foot-boy, or else plague Equality by Despa-

ration

ration of Enjoyment; laughing at the poor Wretches, to see 'em covetous of their Misfortunes. Wherefore we conclude it necessary for our own Peace, and out of pity to our Neighbouring Worlds, to disarm you of your Power, and cure that Blindness which makes you shoot thus at all Adventures.

Cupid. 'Tis a strange thing (Gentlemen Souls) why I, having a *Bow and Quiver*, (as if no Body else us'd neither,) must upon necessity be the *God of Love*, and sentenc'd so to be by those who confess they never saw me before. A great Rashness, certainly, for the Wisdom of your *Order*, to be guilty of! But, to put you out of all doubt, assure your selves, I am a Spirit, as ye are; only with this difference, I have suffer'd a Dissolution from a Body, and ye are yet unbodied. Time was, I actuated that famous *Scythian*, *Pomaxathres*, that slew the great *Roman*, *Marcus Crassus*; and was accounted the best Archer that *Scythia* ever boasted of. Now, hearing that one *Sagittarius*, a Resident of these Regions, was fam'd in that Art, I came on purpose to create a Correspondence, and try the Skill of the *Heavenly Archer*.

Virgil. —— Well, if this be so, and you are that *Pomaxathres*, we beg your Pardon for our Errour, and think our selves happy in the Mistake. —— *Sagittarius* surpasses in this Art, never making his *Butts* less than ten Degrees distant. —— Do ye see that *Milky Way* there, so much talk'd on by the *Poets*? His Shafts have scour'd that Road by their frequent Motion, and have kept that part of the Sky clear from

dark Matter, and Excrements of Stars; which is the reason of its *Altitude:* But the Lower World, like Fools, not knowing so much, do fancy it to be the Way for the Souls of the Blessed to mount to *Paradice.*—— Come, let's be gone; we'll quickly introduce ye into *Sagitarius*'s Acquaintance.

Cupid.—— I long to meet the *Artist*, that we might give you some Divertisement by our Skill.—— But, pray, which is the Way to the *Lower World?*

Vegit.— You must leave *Venus* on the Left, and to 19 Degrees, 30 Minutes of *Capricorn*; afterwards the Coast is clear, and divided into Right Lines to all parts of the Globe.

Cup.— Farewell, Gentlemen; I'm in haste now, I'll call again some other time.

Vegit.—— And is the Impostor gone? Certainly he was *Cupid.* Why were we so bewitch'd as to believe him? *Cou'd we think the God of Love cou'd speak Truth, when all his Subjects are given to Lying.*

DIALOGUE IX.

Between an Astrologer *and a* Mountebank.

Mount.— WHich way with your Circumferences, Compasses, Figures? *&c.* Ha! What Project's on foot now?

Astr.——

Astr.—— To survey the Stars, and take a Note on the Influences written on their Foreheads.

Mount.—— Why so?

Astr.—— I'm sure I shall be an *Astrologer*, and 'tis good to make Collections against I have need of 'em: I have a strong Fancy that I shall be the *Prophet* of *Europe*. If I'd been imbody'd but Twenty or Thirty Years since, I had been the Second *Lilly*, or, at least, his Successor.—— But if, after all, I shou'd forget what I now do in this Pre existent State, I shall be hardly put to it, about the *Fate* of *Great People*, the *Change* of *Wind* and *Weather*, *Sweet-hearts*, *Losses*, *Travels*, *Life*, *Death*, and every thing else, unless you'll keep Correspondence with me.

Mount.—— Ay indeed, such a Correspondence wou'd make you famous; but I've just receiv'd a Commission to take Possession of an *Embryo*, fated for a *Mountebank*: So that I can serve you in nothing, but by giving you Information of the Death of those he designs to kill.

Astr.—— That will be something: But what shall I do for the rest?

Mount.—— As the rest of your Neighbours do: Guess at what's most probable.

Astr.—— Then I shall be mistaken sometimes.

Mount.—— 'Tis your Interest you shou'd, or you'd be Arraign'd for a *Wizard*.

Astr.—— 'Tis hard such an exquisite Skill and Death shou'd be Rivals. But is there no way else to escape the Fagot, and be famous?

Mount.—

Mount.—— Yes, as a Licens'd Way, as we have to kill People.

Astr. Pray, what's that?

Mount.—— Bring other Persons into a Confederacy with you, who design, near such a Time, to Plot, Fight, Marry, Sail, Masquerade, or any thing else that is to be done; and then fall on Prophesying: But you must be very confident, and remember a great many Authors Names, (no matter for their Works,) the pretended Influences of the Stars, and Examples of the Wonders you have perform'd, and other Measures suitable to the blind Side of the Enquirer. And if you can but Rhime, like young *Lilly* o'er his Pills, your Custom grows as thick as Hops, and you may lye in Bed and gather 'em.

Astr.—— Now I'm stock'd indeed, to gull three quarters o'th' Town. But won't my present Collections also be useful?

Mount.—— Yes, if 'twere possible to remember; but the Clog of Humanity depresses the Vigour of our Faculties, and makes us quite different Beings: So that what I've told you now, must be repeated in the other World, and that will be sufficient, with good Management.

Astr.—— I'm satisfy'd. But what will you do to be as famous as he that came lately (at one time, I think 'twas) from all the Courts in *Christendom*, into this part of the Globe, just under us? You know who I mean, the Star-teller himself; I can't forbear trying my Faculty.

Mount.—

Mount.—— Right: I was a great Familiar with his Soul, before *Adam* and *Eve* went to Bed together. About 2593 Years since, he was for going into a young *Crispin*; and I very hardly diſſuaded him, by telling him, his Miſtriſs wou'd be skill'd in *Palmeſtry*, and read his Paſs into another World through his own Styrrup-Leather.

Aſtr.—— A kind Diſappointment. But what's this to the Queſtion I ask'd?

Mount.—— Well, he's a famous *Mountebank* now, and cures every thing that he fails not in; and when he miſſes, he cannot loſe his Reputation, for he left that behind him in *Italy*, where it ſtarv'd to death.

Aſtr.—— How came he to be ſo famous then?

Mount.—— E'en as you muſt; by Confederacy, thus, The *Lyar* that he makes uſe of, to roar about the Stage, and tie the unthinking Multitude together, having got a credulous Patient, takes the ſilly Thing by the Hand, to that Corner of the Stage where the Curtain hangs, and the liſt'ning Doctor behind it;—— and then he begins to examine what Grievance? Where? How long? and ſuch other like Queſtions as are for his purpoſe. Whereupon the Doctor draws off at a diſtance, and the Patient is introduc'd; to whom he tells every thing, like an Oracle, without any Queſtions, receives his Fees, and ſets a little longer time (for ſuch a deſperate Cure) than he deſigns to tarry. And ſo he deals with the whole Generation of *Adam*, to the latter end of the Chapter.—— There are a Thouſand other handy

handy Ways of killing People, and getting their Moneys for't, but 'tis not for my Interest to make 'em publick, lest the World shou'd be convinc'd against I set up, and stone me, amongst the rest of my honest Fellow-Travellers.

DIALOGUE X.

Between Two Spirits, *about the Retrogradation of the* Dragon's Head *and* Tail.

1. *Sp.* DID you hear of the *Dragon's* Frolick?

2. *Sp.* Not I: I have been upon the Ramble these three Days, I am but just now arriv'd in this Region, and am going to tell my Landlord *Aquarius*, that I have no design to bilk my Lodging. But, pray, what's this Frolick you talk of?

1. *Sp.* The *Dragon's Tail* taking it ill to come always behind, grew very importunate to lead the *Head* for one Day; and the *Head* being tyr'd out with continual Sollicitations, agreed to be led: Accordingly the *Tail* set forward, and began his Journey; but wanting Eyes, soon mistook his Course, and rambled to the Borders of his Regions, where he fell down, and light upon *Aquarius*'s Water-pots;

pots; which flew with such a Noise, that the lower World thought it a Clap of Thunder. *Pisces* being the next Sign, (and peeping above Water, to learn what strange Motion that was,) cry'd out to his *two Fishes* to secure themselves, for the *Leviathan* was upon the Scamper for Prey. The *Dragon* (which he thought to be the *Leviathan)* being so bruis'd with the Fall, began to repent of his Retrograde Journey; for his *Head*, by such a Motion, got the *Vertigo*, and dizzy Drunkenness, his Body was cut by the *Pitchers*, besides the Abuses the unfortunate Traveller light on from the Inhabitants of that Region; who taking him for a Monster, began to surround him, maulling him with the *Beam* of *Libra*, and the Fragments of the *Pitchers*, without asking Questions, or taking the Legal Procedure against him for the supposed Invasion.

2 *Sp.* This Account is surprizing, especially being so near my Lodging. Methinks this wou'd be very proper for Application, if the Story was told in the lower world, where *Reason is postpon'd to Sense*, and the ill Consequences seldom taken Notice of, till the whole Man is shipwrack'd and lost;—— But what became of the *Dragon*?

1 *Sp.*—*Nature* finding her work imperfect, without the re-assumption of the fallen Wretch into his place, and that the whole Generation of *Astrologers* wou'd be at a loss in their Observations, order'd the *Dragon* to be put into the one of *Libra*'s Scales, and a Weight into the other, sufficient to mount him up into his own Region; which was accordingly

cordingly done; where, being arrived, he set head foremost, and swore by all the *Planets* he would never be rul'd by his *Tail* again.——The *Tail* being asham'd of its Miscarriage, hid it self betwixt the Legs, which is the Reason that the little *Stars* in't disappear'd, when *Archimedes* thought to have found 'em at the end of his Telescope.

DIALOGUE XI.

Between a Spirit *and his* Friend, *lately Imbodied in an* Infant.

Spir.——WHat, have you forgot your old Companion? or are you asleep as well as your Body?

Friend.——Who's that?

Spi.——Your late Friend *A*;—— when we parted, you desir'd me to pay you a Visit in your new Lodgings; and you knew I was always punctual at an Assignation, where Friendship was the Motive: I long to know what Entertainment you have light on, what Liberties you enjoy, or what Confinements you lie under, that I may take an Estimate thereby what I have to trust to when my Turn comes.

Fr.——To give a Journal of my Entertainment, will be just the same Satisfaction that a Criminal has when he is no longer perplex'd

plex'd betwixt Hope and Despair; but assur'd he shall be hang'd; but you are not deny'd the Criminal's Comfort, to wit, *Company*: But not to detain you from Particulars, when I parted with you, I immediately shot into the *Embryo* I told you of, as swift as a *Falling Star*, and before I was aware, I was dispers'd through the whole Lump; not a Finger or Toe but I was busie in't, as the hasty Heir is amongst his Coffers and Leases when his Father's a dying; but as to my first Motion, I thought 'twas just like a half-drown'd Fly, when the Sun begins to shine upon it, which first puts out a Leg, then a Wing, and so by degrees gathers Motion, till it presumes upon its own strength, and new Adventures; so I, first a Knee, then an Elbow, , then a Heel, and so on, till I grew so troublesom a Guest, that my Mother cry'd out for help, to be shut on me; & so by a *Writ of Ejection* dispossess'd me of my warm Tenement, and turn'd me out into the wide world, naked, helpless, and *full of Tears*: But then began the Plague of Dependance, and the Date my Misfortunes; for you will find when you come into a Body, that a Soul does sympathize, and receive an Impression of Pleasure or Pain, according to the resentment of the Senses, *& vice versa*, the Body participates in the Ease or Disturbance of the Soul. I am now but just six weeks old, and methinks 'tis longer than the Six Thousand Years of my *Pre-Existence*; for I'm horribly bus'd Night and Day. 'Tis said, *The Ape is so very tender of her young ones, that she frequently hugs*

hugs them to death; but my Nurſe only mocks me with ſuch a Kindneſs; for when ſhe has almoſt ſtrangled me for want of Breath, ſhe recovers me to ſtrangle me again. And if I Itch or Smart, am ſwadled too ſtraight or too looſe, am hungry, or over-cramb'd, 'tis all one; for I've no way to declare my grievance, but by ſprawling, making a foul face, or exerciſing my treble Organs, and that does not avail me neither; for I'm only look'd upon to be peeviſh, and out of humour; whether this Uſage will kill me, or whether I ſhall weather it out to abide worſe, I know not: But this I know, That if I was to begin my *Pre-exiſtent* State again, I'd take heed of ſuch extravagant Rambles as cou'd be atton'd by no leſs a Penance than ſuch an Incorporation.

Sp.——If you find ſuch Penance for *Pre-exiſtent Extravagances*, alas what will become of me, who am in ten times deeper than you; the foot of my Account will be amazing, when your ſmall Debt has ſuch ſevere Exactions.

Fr.—I don't know that, but pray withdraw; here comes the Nurſe to beſlabber me with Caudle; if ſhe finds the Body without me, and unactive, the Houſe will be all in an uproar, and my new Companion will be laid out, and ſtarv'd to death; and I dread a ſecond Change, remembring the old Proverb, —— *Seldom comes a better.*

DIA

DIALOGUE XII,

Between the whole Order of Rational Souls, *and* Two Intelligencers *from the other World.*

Order.——WHat more Complaints ſtill? Shall we be for ever plagu'd with Repetitions of the harſh Reception our Fraternity find below?——Here,——Who are the Friends of the Parties incorporate? Stand forth, and declare your Grievance.

1 *Intell.* A great Intimate of mine, and a Member of our Order, is unfortunately ty'd to a Fidler, who runs eternal Diviſions, to the great Curſe of every Viſitant's Ear; never conſidering, that what delights him, may be a great Mortification to another.—— One of his Acquaintance the other Day, being tir'd with a Whimſey, on *Green Sleeves and Pudding-Pyes*, (an Air well known to the Muſical Tribe in that Globe,) began to be free with him, telling him what he thought of his Entertainment; and in Concluſion, broke his *Crowd* and *Fiddle-ſtick*.

Order.—— Perhaps he might deſerve it. But how cou'd the Soul (your Friend) ſuffer by that Accident?

1. *Intell.*—I ask'd my Friend this very Queſtion; and he anſwer'd,—— That tho' by a Habitude of Incorporation he began to love

the Body, yet he was so much afraid of Violence, (being a Party,) that he try'd all the Windows of his Tenement, to make an Escape; but coming to the Ear, he heard the welcome Sound of *Impose less on your Friends, and so farewell.* My Friend thinking the Storm was over, began to love the *Ear* for the welcome News he heard in't, tho' indeed 'twas the most frequent part of Residence that my Friend had in the whole *Material Fabrick.*—— He had not tarry'd long there, but he was summon'd to tune another *Fiddle*; but the Chamber-door was first lock'd, and no *Fidler* was at home for more Visitants: So away they went to work; the *Fidler* with his *Fingers*, *Wry Mouth*, and other antick Gestures; and my Friend, according to his Office of *Perception*, judg'd of *Measure* and *Proportions.* And having tun'd that also into the usual *Concordance*, a *Mournful Ditty* was to be compos'd, and set, to bewail the unhappy Abuse of his Wooden *Apollo*; not considering that the bare Remembrance of a Disgrace is afflicting to any body, but one that carries his *Soul* in his *Ears.* Now, my Friend being ignorant what Distance lay between *b flat* and *b sharp*, or how much a *Lesser Third* differ'd from a *Greater Sixth*, was not so able as willing to assist his Comrade in the *Composure*: Who thereupon rag'd, swore, grew distracted, and out of Revenge, has cruelly confin'd my Friend to the cold Prison of his *Fiddle*, where he uses to visit him two or three times a Night; allowing no better Converse, than the doleful Accents of *Mad Tom o' Bedlam.*

Order.——

Order.—This Account is Argument dismal enough to add to our *Litany*, *From Fidlers, Libera nos, Domine.* But who's the second Complainant? What has he to say?

2. *Intell.*——— A Race of———

Order.— Of what?

2. *Intell.*—Of—I dare not mention the ugly Name, for fear it brings a Distraction amongst us, and the very Malignity of the Sound infect us with the Fatality of its Heresies.——— But if a general dark Character will satisfie, 'tis unwillingly ready.

Order.——Certainly it can't be much worse than the Accounts we have already. Let's have the full, particular Relation.

2. *Intell.*— Well, since ye are so covetous of what ye will repent, take it.— A Society of *Virtuosoes*, in which a Friend of mine has lately commenc'd, and for which I'm sure he'll be damn'd, has bewitch'd the other World with fruitless Discourses, unprofitable Disputes, needless Digressions, of *Posse, Esse, Quiddity, Predicament*, and a Thousand such Sounds; by which they have lost their own Reason, and despoil'd their Followers of theirs too. They will make every thing disputable, so much as the *Pre-Existence of Souls:* Nay, they'll not believe the *Existence of a Deity*, if their Antagonist proves it not by a *Syllogism*, in *Mood* and *Figure. Two* and *Three* is not *Five* amongst them, without a Consequence from just Premises. A certain *Heretick Pedant* the other Day maintain'd a *Vacuum*, and proselyted a simple Country Gentleman by such seeming Reasons, as he wanted Sense to confute.——

One of 'em, as I was inform'd, was this,— *It wou'd be ridiculous to think, that when a Gnat pushes back a parcel of Air with its Wings, that parcel drives another before it, and that another; and so the stirring of the Little Toe of a Flea shou'd raise a Bunch upon the Back of the Universe.* The unthinking *Plebeian* having long wish'd *Suicide* no Murder, because his Mistresses Unkindness made him weary of his Life, straightway retir'd out of the Assembly, and thank'd his pitying *Genius* for providing a way to cure his Melancholy, *viz.* by the help of a *Vacuum*; resolving to lay the Fault upon Nature in the Day of Judgment, that he was accidentally in a place, where he cou'd not live any longer, for want of Breath. Whereupon he immediately made and executed his *Last Will and Testament*, and took his Leave of all his Friends.— And, in order to find out a *Vacuum*, he caus'd all his Blunderbusses, Guns and Musquets to be laid over a Gate, ready to discharge; and behind 'em, two of his Servants, well mounted, with a hanging Carpet between 'em, with so much Lead at the bottom as to keep it tight and perpendicular; and thus, having wish'd Happiness to his fair Tormenter, he order'd the Pieces to be fir'd, and his Servants (to whom he had bequeath'd his Horses for this last Office of Friendship) to set Spurs to their Legacies, and follow the scowr'd Road, he himself bringing up the Rear, and charging about for the *Vacuum*. But after he had almost run himself out of breath in a vain Pursuit of it, he retir'd to the Assembly of *Virtuoses*, which was not yet broke

broke up, saluting his Teacher by the Name of *Mad-man*, and *Beggar of Questions*. But the *Virtuoso*, to maintain his Credit, asserted that the Gentleman might have found the *Vacuum* if he had follow'd close up to the Carpet. Whereupon, another of the Gentleman's Acquaintance, resenting his Friend's Disgrace, order'd the same Trial again, resolving to keep up close to the windy Engine, to prove the Assertion a Falsity; but he, to keep Ground, ran himself out of breath, and fell down dead: Which Accident upheld the Credit of the *Vacuum*.

Another wou'd prove, *That a small Thread, which was equally twisted, and all of the same Matter, wou'd sustain a greater weight than a Cable Rope that was unequally twisted.* To prove which, he offer'd this Reason, *That being all of a strength, it had no place to break first.* A little School-Boy that stood by, wish'd his Father had known that Secret before his Ship-wreck. *It had been all one,* (reply'd another of his Form-fellows;) *for the Thread wou'd have broke close by the Ship, by reason of the Additional Weight of the rest of the Thread. In like manner, if the Thread hang'd in a perpendicular Line, with a Weight at the End of it, it wou'd break at the Upper End, because the Lower End wou'd not bear so much Weight as the Upper End, by the Weight of the Thread. Nay, Suppose the Thread laid upon a Level, and extended beyond its strength; having no place to break first, it must break in all places at once: For if Particulars cannot act beyond their Power, Generals cannot; both coming under one Predicament.* Three Quarters of the Auditory

cou'd not understand the Boy, who therefore was whipp'd for his Sawcineſs and Interruption. So that that Orator alſo ſate down with his Credit.

A Third ſtood up, and, without pretending to prove any thing, drove all the Auditory out of the little Wit they had left, by asking, *Whether there may not be an Infinity of Worlds, this Globe being not ſo big as thoſe above? Whether this World might not be made out of the Ruins of a preceding Old One? Whether theſe Globes may not be the Excrements of the Sun? Whether it might not be better for the next Generation to be taught to go upon All Four, for ſeveral good Reaſons that might be given? Whether the Repreſentatives of Nature's* Pudenda *were not a more proper Badge of Honour to wear at a Cavalier's Girdle, than a Sword; ſince this is a Mark of Death, and that of Life? Whether this Tuft of Graſs* (pulling one out of his Pocket) *may not be a Man within theſe Sixty Years? Whether, if it were poſſible for one Man to imitate another in all his Members, Motions and Geſtures, that Imitator ſhould not, by Equality of Organs, be ſuſceptive of the other's Thoughts and Inclination? Whether an Eternity of Matter is diſputable? Whether the Souls of Men are Pre-exiſtent, or Contemporary with the Body? Whether it is not a great Abſurdity to attribute to a Vacuity that Quality of Yielding to a Body, and that Space which are the Dependencies of an Extent, which can only agree to a Subſtance? Whether* ——

Order.—— Hold: No more *Whethering* in *Virtuoſiſm.* Poor Earth! Alas, What Entertainment can we expect in thee? We ſhall be ſweetly

sweetly brought to Bed if *Virtuosism* finds encouragement, and propagates till there's no other Trade for us to take up with. Hasten our Spindles, dear *Parcæ*, whilst there are some Infidels, and Oppofers of these Doctrines.

DIALOGUE XIII.

Between the Spirits of an Emperor *and a* Beggar.

Beggar.——'TIS enough for Humanity, that knows no better, to be Noisie Querulous, and arraign the Justice of *Fate*, and the wise dispensation of Providence, who fits not the *particular Chain of Causes* to the private humour of this or that Party; but respects the universal Good at once: hence I am satisfied, the *despicable Post* assign'd me, is wisely dispos'd, and ought to be accepted with gratitude, since 'tis inconsistent with the goodness of the *Divine Being*, to make a general Good incompatible with a particular one; whence it is also plain, that I may be happy in my Station. But was I to chuse, and knew not what Fate had ordain'd me, I'd be an *Emperor at least*; How full of Charms is it *to imitate the Divine Original of Beings, to see whole Kingdoms depend upon me, to be encompass'd with Eternal Heads of Nakedness; to have*

the power of exalting one, and debasing another; of rewarding Vertue, and punishing Vice; of disposing of Life and Death; in short, to be an Earthly God. Now must I suffer Affronts and Abuses, without the power of Revenge, to stoop, and acknowledge my dependance to almost every Being. Alas, what's the meaning of that *Providential Riddle*, That Man is the Lord of the world; That Beast, Fish and Fowl are his, when there's so many Rivals that the Title is lost, and one part of Humanity can pretend so little to a propriety in *Rule*; That the same Predicament serves for us, and those things we are said to be Lords of? *Man disposes of Man as he doe's of a Beast, even to exchanging, selling, and Slavery.* Methinks it is unaccountable; since all are *out of the same Dust, stamp'd with the same Impression, equal in their Nothingness*, both *à parte ante*, and *à parte post*. Nay their very *Souls* which animate these *grosser Vehicles*, are also equal, only acting differently, by a more or less aptitude of Organs, or inequality of Education.

Emperor.—Tho' we Spirits fell not when the Angels did; yet we have certainly the same defectibility of Judgment; for *two things* (especially Opposites) *cannot be both best.* Call you a Beggar's Condition despicable and slavish? 'Tis certainly the happiest *Post* in the Creation; and were it possible for *Fate* to be guilty of a Caprice, and cast Lots once more about the *Disposals of Emperors and Beggars*, I'd petition to renew my Chance; possibly I might the second time alter my Condition, and come out a *happy Beggar.* *Beggar.*

Beggar. ——Why ſo?

Emperor.——Becauſe there appears to me a greater happineſs in an *unenvied Cottage*, than in the *Noiſie Crowds of Flatterers.* Little does the *Plebeian* know how *heavy a Crown weighs*; how great the Truſt is, and how hard to be managed. 'Tis the Court that's full of *Treachery, Ambition, Pride, Bribes*, and ſuch a dreadful Catlaogue of Vices, that 'tis impoſſible for the beſt of Men to arrive to a greater degree of Goodneſs there, than a *Negation of Evil.* The *Watch* muſt be kept ſo ſtrictly, that there's *no time to act virtuouſly.* But in the *retir'd Solitudes of Poverty*, one Third of our Temptations are loſt, the *uneaſineſs of the Senſe, cauſes a ſearch after the quiet of the Mind.* We have nothing to reſiſt in Solitude, but a few ſtragling Thoughts; nor nothing to ſeek after, but to be happy. There we are free from *publick Calamities*: and *private Enemies*, unenvy'd in every thing but Happineſs; and 'tis impoſſible to ſteal that from us, when we have nothing elſe to do but to keep it: Nay, if we ſhou'd communicate it, we loſe nothing, but have more by giving. I cou'd reckon up *Auguſtus, Diocleſian, Maximinian, Vatius, Empedocles*, &c. who laid by their Scepters for Spades; and cou'd alſo mention how happy the Change was; but the remembrance wou'd make my Crown too uneaſie, which now *I muſt bear as well as I can.*

Beggar.——'Tis in vain to wiſh on either ſide what can't be avoided. But, ſay Brother, won't the Caſe be ſtrangely alter'd by our *different Stations in the other World?*——

Methinks

Methinks I see you sometimes *royally seated amongst the Representatives of your Kingdom, sometimes in private Council, turning over the* Cabala, *or darker Mysteries of State, but always look'd upon as more than mortal.* Methinks I also see my self injur'd and over-pow'rd by the *Mint of Damnation*, and my *Addresses to your Highness*, by Friends or Petition, in agitation; Methinks I see my *cold reception*, the Meanness of my Concerns lost amongst *Matters of greater Moment*, and my Importunity for a Dispatch, answer'd by the Insolences of *a hundred subordinate Officers*; one denies me admittance, another turns me out, and every one looks upon me an impertinent, worthless *Thing*, because I left all my *Nobility and Attendance behind me among the Stars.*

Emperor.——By this you may in some measure judge of the distracted Cares of a *Crown*; how amongst these numerous Complaints, Petitions, *&c.* 'tis impossible to hear and redress all, time won't permit, and *Omnipresence is not confer'd to Earthly Scepters*, to act every where, and every thing at once. Think-y' it not afflicting to a Father to see many of his Children strugling under Unhappinesses, and whilst he relieves some, others perish; and also that he has many more under the same Circumstances, that he knows not of.

Beggar.——Enough; let's not think so much on the *Evils of Humanity*, as to lose the sense of that little Good of which it is capable; *Not to be happy in some things, because we can't in every thing, is an unkind Theft to our selves*

ſelves. Compare the Diſtractions of other Crowns to yours, whilſt I examine *whoſe Cottage is meaner than mine*; and this (with other like Inferences,) will divert the black Reflections we have made; An earthly Philoſopher could ſay, *Nemo Miſer niſi comparatus. Come, let's not learn of the World below us, but give them Examples.* We can't miſs, if we *retire to our Region*; for there being *nothing but Equality*, 'tis impoſſible any one ſhou'd pretend to be more happy or miſerable than another.

DIALOGUE XIV.

Between Two Spirits that made a Contract to keep a Correſpondence, whoever came to be Embodied firſt.

The Unbodied Spirit. CErtainly he can underſtand me, now I have aſſum'd this Body of Air.—*Holo Brother*—I have been calling theſe two hours to no purpoſe Do you hear me now?

Bodyed Spirit.— Hear ye! Yes; who are ye? And what's your Buſineſs?

Unbody'd Sp.——What, Have you forgot me *your old Comrade, and your Contract?* Has this Lump of Humanity ſpoil'd all your Faculties,

culties, or are you ungrateful, or over-proud of your new Lodging?

Body'd Sp.—I don't know what you mean by Forgetfulness, or Contract.

Unbody'd Sp.——That's very strange: I'm certain, *This is the Body you were to animate*, and by consequence, you must be the same *Individual* that agreed with me to keep a *Correspondence*, when you came into this Body. I had forgot my self, and have been all this time speaking to you in the *Language of Spirits*, not knowing it was too fine for the Perceptions of an Organiz'd Body.

Body'd Sp.——By this you'd make me believe a *Pre-existent State of Souls* before they come into the Body: But if there be such a State, I have *wholly forgot it*; only I have some *dark Ideas* of things when they are mention'd that I never saw nor heard of before; which probably may proceed from the *Cognizance* I took of 'em before I was imbody'd.

Unbody'd Sp.——That's no Argument at all; since that *Idea* gives you neither the *Species*, nor the *Form* of the Thing spoken of, if neither be mention'd; as for Instance, If I shou'd tell you in general Terms, That at the *West-end of the* Vatican *at* Rome, there's a curious Picture; you wou'd presently *form an Idea* of it in your Mind; but perhaps it may be a *Saint*, instead of a *Land-skip*: but to pass over that, have you any *Idea of the Language of Spirits?*

Body'd Sp.——None but such as is Organical.

Unbody'd

Unbody'd Sp.——By this you may ſee your Errour again; for *Spirits ſpeak one to another, as Man does, when he ſpeaks to God in his Mind.* Again, Man's Voice is limited; I mean, when he ſpeaks, he is not heard but at ſuch a diſtance; but when one *Spirit* ſpeaks, all the *Thouſand Millions of Spirits*, where-ever diſpers'd throughout the Creation, have a diſtinct perception of ſuch Speech, if directed to them all at once; or if directed to any one *Spirit*, be he never ſo far off, *he only hears*; and not one of all thoſe that are betwixt him and the Speaker; ſo that 'tis *as ordinary a thing for Spirits* to converſe one with another at the moſt protracted diſtances, as 'tis face to face; but this is only to your Capacity; for there's no ſuch a thing as diſtance amongſt *Spirits*; for they are as near one another, when the whole *Cælum Empyreum* is betwixt 'em, as they are when both together, and yet they are not like God, *every where at once, or omnipreſent.*

Body'd Sp.——This is ſtrange Doctrine to Mortals;——pray' how do *Spiris move?* whether locally by a *Medium*, or in an inſtant, or in Time, or how?

Unbody'd Sp.——None of all this——for what is impartible, is not moveable; for, according to *Humane Philoſophy*, (which holds in this Caſe,) any thing that is moving, whilſt it is moving, is partly *in termino a quo*, and partly *in termino ad quem*; which is inconſiſtent with *Impartibility*. Nor can a Spirit move ſo, as to paſs through a *Medium*: As for Inſtance, To go from *London* to *Rome*, or *Conſtantinople*, without

without passing over the distance, or places betwixt 'em: Now every thing that passes, *passes through a place equal to it self*, (as suppose through Air, Water, &c. the place that the Body is in, is equal to the Body which fills it.) But the place equal to an Indivisible Spirit, (speaking *ad Humanum Captum*) is a **Point**; and therefore if an Angel or Spirit, by his Motion, passes through a *Medium*, he must necessarily pass through or number *many Points in termino ad quem*; which is impossible. To speak yet nearer the *Common Apprehension* of Mortals, a Man may in his Mind think of *France*, and then immediately of *Syria*, without thinking of *Italy*, which is the *Medium*, betwixt both: And this comes nearest the *Motion of Spirits*; now whether this Motion is effected in Time, or in an Instant. (As thus, When God Almighty commissionated an Angel to go and appear to *Manoah*, whether in coming from Heaven he might be a Day, an Hour, or a Minute; or whether he was there in the same *unsuccessive Moment* wherein he receiv'd the Commission.) To this we answer in respect of Men, who are ty'd up to the *gross Rules of Time, Place, Matter*, &c. There was a Flux of Time betwixt the Receipt of the Commission, and the Execution of it: But in respect of the Nature of Angels, the Receipt of their Commission, the Execution of it, and a Thousand Years after the Execution of it, were all included in one **Unsuccessive Now**: The Reason of it is this, If there were a Time for the Beginning of an Action, and another Time for the Ending

Ending of it, then there wou'd be Succeſſion, and by conſequence *Partibility*; but that's inconſiſtent (as above) with the Nature of an *Indiviſible Being*, as an Angel or a Spirit are.

Body'd Spirit. But ſuppoſing *Motion*, *Time*, *Place*, &c. to be attributed to Angels and Spirits, in reſpect to Mankind, as really they are: As it may be ſaid, *A Spirit is in ſuch a Place now, and was not two Hours ſince.* Suppoſing (I ſay) ſuch a way of ſpeaking, in *reference to Mankind*, how is it feaſible for *a Spirit*, *a Witch*, &c. to be ſo, orto go through the *Key-hole of a Door?*

Unbody'd Spirit. Well, allowing ſuch a Condeſcention, *ad Humanum Captum*, yet 'tis a vulgar Errour. *Firſt*, As to *Witches:* They never do it, 'tis their Spirits, and they (I mean their Bodies and Animal Life) are all the while in an *Examinated Trance*, wherein the Devil does make uſe of their Fancy, to inform them of what paſſes at a diſtance in thoſe *Aerial Bodies* that reſemble them, and in which their Spirits really are: As *Mankind* want not many Inſtances of ſuch Truths. A Spirit's paſſing through a *Key-hole* is abſurdly ridiculous; for ſince Matter is not determinative on Spirits, 'tis all one to them to paſs through *Gold*, *Glaſs*, or the moſt *Continuous Solidities in Nature*, as to paſs through *Air* only. So that when a Spirit aſſumes an *Aerial Body*, ſince for it ſelf is Matter, or a Body, and ſince there can't be *Penetration of Bodies*, it follows, that a Spirit which is to go through *Glaſs*, *Stone*, &c. leaves the *Aerial Body* which it is, and only paſſes through the *Glaſs*, *Stone*,

Stone, &c. in its own Nature, and assumes a *new Body of Air* on the other side; and here also may be a Solution of those *strange Riddles*, (for so they are to some Mortals,) how a *Witch* receives the Wound in the same Part, in which the Aerial Representation of her receiv'd it. As for Instance; *A Fallen Angel* prompts a *Witch* to afflict such a Person: She consents; and being under this *Angel's* power, he makes use of natural Methods, so as to invert the ordinary Operation of her Animal Powers, (as above,) that she falls into a *Trance*, insensible of *Burns*, *Cuts*, &c. Now this *wicked Angel* having a *permissive Possession of her Spirit*, forms a *Body of Air* for it, organiz'd, and fit for Perception, in which it assaults and afflicts the Person design'd: But in all the Instances that *Mankind* can bring of such *Aerial Representations* that have been struck at, whether in *Humane* or *Brutal Shape*, the Persons that struck never felt that they *hit any thing but Air*; which is a certain Evidence that 'twas not the true Body of what it represented. Now, this *wicked Angel* being present with the *Witch's Spirit*, and taking notice where, and what the Wound wou'd have been, had it been a *real Body*, amongst other the Occurrences that he represents to the *Witch's* Fancy, he *insinuates the Wound*, and at the same time inflicts it himself upon the *real Part of the Body* which was *representatively cut or wounded in the Phantasm*; the *Witch* all the time believing the whole to be a real Truth, and acted personally.

Unbody'd

Body'd Spirit. Possibly 'tis so. But, pray, is there a *Number of Spirits, or different Species amongst 'em?*

Unbody'd Spirit. Humanely speaking, there's *Thousands of Thousands*; but in the Language of Spirits there's no such a gross Term as *Number*; for *Number* is a *discrete Quantity, caus'd by a Division of Continuity:* But this is inconsistent with the Nature of Spirits.—— And as to *Difference of Species*, to which we might add *Equality*, or *Inequality*, they are Terms adapted to *Matter*; and therefore amongst *Immaterial Beings*, 'tis the most egregious Nonsence that can be imagin'd.

Body'd Spirit. What's the difference betwixt a Spirit's Perception, and ours?

Unbody'd Spirit. A great deal, Men think, by means of the Senses. Suppose the *Eye:* First, There must be an *Union* betwixt the Sight, and the thing seen; for Vision is not in *Act*, except the thing seen is after a certain manner in the thing seeing; and this not by an Assumption of the Substance, but of the Similitude of the thing seen, into the Eye. Now this *Visive Power* having assum'd a *Similitude* of the thing seen into the Eye, the *Intellect abstracts Universals from it*; which Act is call'd the *Perception*, and according to this Perception we judge and act. But 'tis not so with Spirits, they have *no Perception from divisible or sensible Objects*; for what by our Senses we know of Material Objects, that they know from the *Effluviums* of the Deity. As for Instance, *God is the Cause of every Substance, both as to its Matter and Form*; therefore God, ac-

cording to his Eſſence, (which is the Cauſe of all things) is the Similitude of all things. Hence *Angels* and *Spirits*, when they look upon God, do (as in a Glaſs) ſee and know all Material and Immaterial Objects and Things whatever, when he pleaſes to communicate a Knowledge: And thus it is that *Departed Souls have Knowledge of things happening in this Life.*

Body'd Spirit. What's the difference betwixt a Spirit's Thoughts and Language, ſince you ſay that their Language is like our Thoughts?

Unbody'd Spirit. I have already told you, that as Men have their Perceptions by means of their Senſes, ſo Spirits have theirs from the immediate Emanations and Ideas of all things which they ſee *originally in God*: This is the manner of their Perception, and the making known this Perception, by directing the Reſult of it to one another, as Men do their Minds to themſelves, when they ſpeak to themſelves internally, *without Lip or Voice.* This, I ſay, is the *Language of Spirits*; which is as different from their Perceptions as the Act of Receiving and Communicating is amongſt Men.

Body'd Spirit. Whether do Spirits and Angels love, fear, are angry or pleas'd, *&c.* as Men are.

Unbody'd Spirit. Not at all, 'tis inconſiſtent with their Nature, theſe being Acts adapted to the Powers of the *Senſitive Soul:* So that when *Speech, Love, Hate, Fear, Courage, Temperance,* &c. are attributed to Angels or Spirits, 'tis an Humaniſm, or a Condeſcention adapted to Humane Dialect. *To Love amongſt Spirits,*

is

is to wish Good to one another: *To rejoyce*, is to rest the Will in some good Habit: *Temperance* is a Moderation of the Will, according to the Rule of the Divine Will: *Fortitude* is a firm and resolute Execution of the Divine Will: And so of all other Concupiscible Powers.

Body'd Spirit. Whether can several Spirits be in one place at the same time.

Unbody'd Spirit. I have already told you, that *Spirits know no such a thing as Place*; 'tis as incongruous a Term to their Nature as *Time* is. So that, what you call *Place*, is the same thing to them as *no place*; and if so, Spirits, according to that Notion you have of *Place*, may be *Five Millions* together in a *Quart-Bottle*, and yet never a one be there; but 'tis impossible to make you understand the *manner how*, farther than by a dark Similitude. Suppose *Five Millions* of Persons shou'd all desire at the same time to be upon the *Top of the Monument*, (erected in Remembrance of the Conflagration of the Fire of *London*:) Now these *Five Millions* desiring to be there at the same time, it follows that their *Minds* must be there all at once; yet not one of 'em can say, his Thought or Mind was *crowd'd there by other Minds* which were there also: And thus might *Five Millions of Spirits* be in a *Quart-Bottle at one time*, without justling one another for Room; but thus only by a *Virtual Application* of themselves thither.—— I must be gone, there's a *General Assignation* of our *Order* to meet at the *Musick of the Spheres*, and if my Place be *found empty*, my Name will be dash'd out of the *Catalogue*, upon a *Supposition that I am imbody'd.*

Body'd Spirit. Well, I acknowledge my Obligations for this Favour: Pray, let me converse with you *as oft as you can.* It won't be long but I shall *put off this Clog*, and change Circumstances with you; and then I'll be as kind in informing you of such things as you will also forget when you come into a Body.

DIALOGUE XV.

Betwixt Two Spirits, *about the Musick of the Spheres.*

1. *Sp.*— I'M weary with that drumming sort of Noise; there's nothing but an *Eternal Din* of one Tune, o'er and o'er. There's better Musick, ten to one, every *Bartholomew-Fair.*

2. *Sp.* ——— Pray, let me ask you one Question: Is there any Musick better than the *Original* of all Musick?

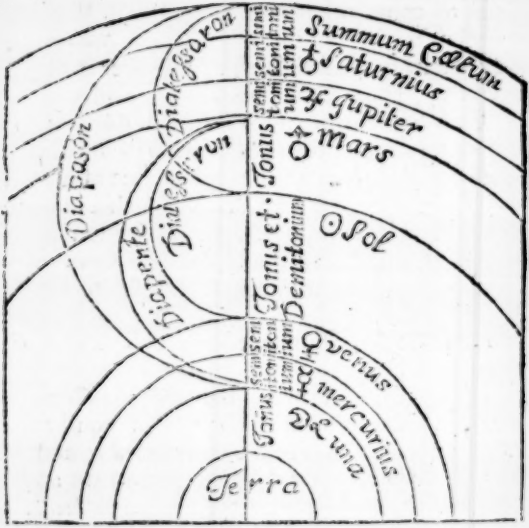
1. *Sp.*——— No.

2. *Sp.*— Very well: Then since these *Musical Diastems*, and these *harmonious Motions*, which proceed from the different Positions and Heighths of the Planets, and the *Correspondent Symmetry of the Heavens*, are the *first Original of Musick*, all other Harmony which the lower World pretends to, are but Imitations of this *great Original.* So that those little tickling Fancies of *Ionick*, *Dorick*, *Phrygian*, and other

other Measures, are but a different way of Trial to come the *nearest ours*; and if Mortality cou'd find out the *true Spherical Musick*, they wou'd never seek farther, nor alter it for any other, because 'tis impossible to desire or chuse an *Imperfection, when Perfection stands by*. But 'tis no wonder the *World below us* think the *Musick of the Spheres* a Fable, when one of our own *Order* shou'd undervalue it at such a rate. But perhaps you are of the same Opinion as Mankind, and these are only Words of Course, because you have a mind to be upon the *Ramble*.

1. *Sp.* Truly, I am not very *well satisfied*, whether I hear any thing, or no.

2. *Sp.* Yes, you hear, but without Concern; which makes me believe, that you belong not to *ours*, but to the *Animal Order*, and in that *Order* you are design'd to animate an *Ass*, which, amongst all Creatures, *never heeds Musick*. You, and all Mankind, must grant, that the *Planets move*, and that *Sound necessarily proceeds from Motion*, and that this Sound must either be sweet or harsh: Now, if a fix'd Observation of Numbers moderate the Motion, it effects a *Symphonous Harmony*, consonant to such a Motion; but if it be not *govern'd by Measures*, there proceeds an unpleasant Noise. But in this *admirable Structure of the Heavens*, there is nothing but *setled Rules and Proportions, curious Differences of Magnitude, Celerity*, and *Local Distances*, which are *constantly circumagitated through the Etherial Orbs*; as in the following Figure.



'Tis this *Systeme* that all Musicians imitate; and those that come the neareſt it, have made their *Calculations* from *Arithmetical Proportions*, in which this *laſt Age* has exceeded all former ones, having now laid down *Rules* to reduce all *Audibles into Visibles*, or *Visibles into Audibles*; that is, can give Directions for Building a Houſe, agreeable to the Meaſures of a *Muſical Compoſure*; or can *play the Proportions of any Houſe now built, upon a Muſical Inſtrument.* If Mankind ſearches a little deeper in the *Muſical Science*, they will find out a Device to imitate our *Spherical Muſick* by a *voluntary Self-Motion*,

Motion, or frame Inſtruments that ſhall play themſelves.

1. *Sp.* Say you ſo? Indeed, the *Novelty* of that wou'd coſt me many a *Ramble*.

2. *Sp.* But why *love Muſick* on Earth, more than here?

1. *Sp.* Becauſe I find by my *Heavineſs*, I am grown ſo like a *Body*, that I ſhall ſoon have ſuch a *Relation*; and you know 'tis natural for all Beings to be affected with *ſomething like themſelves*: However, I'll be ſure *(if I can remember)* to inform the *Lower World* of the Reaſonableneſs of *Spherical Muſick*; and what Meaſures they ought to take, to come as near it as poſſible. In the mean time, Farewell.

2. *Sp.*—— Hold: If you deſign to viſit the *Lower World*, you may be ſerviceable to 'em, if you put 'em in mind of *uſing leſs Phyſick, and more Muſick*, ſince it alters all the Paſſions of the Mind, and is the readieſt way to *correct Grief*, *Anger*, *Pity*, *Love*, *Fears*, *Deſires*, and all other Paſſions of the Mind: And if the Mind may be thus regulated, their Phyſicians need not to be told how great an Influence it has upon the Body. *Another Remark* you may add, *(if you are like to find Credit,)* that 'tis only the *Muſick of the Spheres that keeps Angels and Spirits in a perpetual Health.*

DIALOGUE XVI.

Between Two Spirits of a poor Doctor, his Friend, and a modern Philoſopher, alias, Sharper.

Debtor. *Bankrupcy!* Oh the dreadful Sound is ſufficiently confoundative without the thing it ſelf; *a Dun to my Breakfaſt every Morning,* and to play at *Hide* all day long for fear of the *Counter-Vermin*; and all this too, (if Fate knows what's what,) by the Prodigality of a hopeful Son, who, with *Cocks, Houſes, and half a dozen Miſſes*, cou'd thruſt a dozen ſuch Eſtates as mine, into the *narrow Compaſs of a few Bonds, Bills, Mortgages,* &c. Oh theſe unwelcome Lights of Heaven, how faſt they number out *Uſe-Mony-Days!* Alas, what an unhappy Spirit am I! How gladly wou'd I change Conditions with a *Vegitable Soul,* tho' it were to animate an *humble Shrub!*

Friend.—How Brother, *animate Shrubs,* and ſleep in ſuch *a glorious Star as this,* where you can have no diſturbance at all; pray *lie a little farther,* and take the other Nap, and you'll be well.

Debt.—I cannot ſleep for the *Scrivener*, he bites me ſo; and if by chance I fall into a *Slumber,* I dream of the *poor Man's Box,* and

and the Quarter-day, or else that I see my Son on *Horseback, riding into Quagmires.*

Friend, —— Why do you rave of *Son, Quarter-day*, &c. and are not yet got into the other world?

Debt. —— *But I'm a going*; and my Misfortunes will be such there, as I have just now told you.

Friend. —— Alas *Poor wretch*; and don't you know how to prevent all this? Arise, and follow me; there's a *Company of Wits* that inhabit the *Planet Mercury*, will certainly put you into some way to avoid your Misfortunes; nay, tho' they are such are *inevitably fated* to you.

Debt. —— Alas, *my Son's Horses* have eaten me into a Consumption, that I can scarce get up; but however I'll try, since you *talk of Remedies*; Come, let's be going.

Friend. —— Holo *Mercurial Philosophers*, open the Wicket there.

Philoph. —— Who's that? His *Bawling* has made my Brain *miscarry of a hopeful Notion.*—— However, come in.

Debt. —— I'm sorry for that; I wish I cou'd *miscarry of mine too*; —— But where's the *Philosopher?* I can't see him.

Philosopher. —— Look up, Friend, D'ye expect a Wit to lie *grov'ling* upon Thresholds.

Debt. —— Bless me! he's *hang'd up in a Basket yonder.* —— Pray Mr. *Philosopher*, why so high?

Philosoph. —— *I walk i'th' Air, and gaze upon the Sun*, and if my Intellect were not thus suspended, I shou'd think as *little Thoughts* as

you

you do. —— But what's the occaſion of your Viſit?

Debt. —— I'm going into the *other World* where I ſhall be torn in pieces with *Debts and Uſury*; which to avoid, I wou'd either pay in *current Money or Words.* The firſt I ſhan't be able to raiſe; and the laſt I'm not Maſter of; therefore I'm come to ask your Counſel about it.

Philoſoph. —— There's no need of the *firſt*, if your Debts were double, I'll teach you preſently how to come off.——*Stay a little*;—*Ay, that's right*, Oh happy Art! This it is, not to limit ones Thoughts to a Threſhold; but like a Bird fetter'd in a String, to allow 'em Liberty to play and *flutter* in the Air.—— In the firſt place, you muſt *ſteal the Moon*, and keep it under Lock and Key *Thirty days* before your Day of Payment comes.

Debt. Why ſo?

Philoſoph. —— If you pay Uſe by the *Months*, and there be no Moon to meaſure out theſe *Months*, then no Uſe can be demanded.

Debt. ——I don't know how to effect ſuch a Task; ——I think 'tis far better to *hang my ſelf* before the Day of Payment, and then my Creditors will never proſecute me.

Philoſoph. —— No, no, You talk like one that was never *hang'd up in a Basket*;—— Don't you know the Law provides two days, one for Citation, or Demand of Payment, and the other for Payment?

Debt. ——Well; and what then?

Philoſ.

Philoſ. —— 'Tis impoſſible they ſhou'd come both at a time; ſo that one day is a *warning to get ready, and run away the next.* But this is not half; you are to learn the *all-convincing Speech* beſide.

Debt. —— Pray what's that?

Philoſ. —— You muſt learn to **Banter** where you find your Creditor a little ſoft: As for inſtance; When they ask you for *Money*, fetch 'em out a *Taliſman*, or any other thing, and ask 'em what it is? —— If they ſay, they *can't tell*; reply, Do you *ask Money*, and are ſo very a Dunce? If they ask you for the *Intereſt*, ask 'em what they *mean*, or what kind of Creature that is? They'll anſwer, 'Tis an *Encreaſe of Money by Months, Days*, &c. Ask whether the Sea grows bigger by an *encreaſe of all the Rivers* that run into it? If they ſay, No; Ask 'em, With what a *Conſcience* they can expect their Money ſhou'd increaſe; and ſo you may treat 'em all to the End of the Chapter.

Debt. —— I don't know what to ſay to't, for I believe theſe Shams won't take, eſpecially ſince I have to deal with a Shole of *Horſe-Leeches*, call'd *Scriveners, Bankers*? 'twill paſs with Tailers, Barbers, and a few Drapers: but —— I muſt be going, Farewel Mr. *Basketteer.*

Philoſopher —— Pray as you go along, *Remember the poor Priſoners.*

DIA-

DIALOGUE XVII.

Between Two Spirits *on the Ramble, and a Flight of* Witches, *with their* Guides.

1. *Sp.* HEY-day! What's the meaning of this? Yonder's Materiality flying in the Air: What can be the Supporter?

2. *Sp. Necromancy*, perhaps, or *Sorcery*, or *Witchcraft*. Come, Shall we put a Stop to't? I'm ſure none of the Creation has any Buſineſs there with *Tubs*, *Caldrons*, &c.

1. *Sp.* There's a *Colt*, and a *Calf* too: Perhaps they are the People of the *World in the Moon*, and are going to ſome Fair.

2. *Sp.* What! Going to a Fair out of their Globes? No. Come, let's attack 'em; at the worſt it can but be the Devil, and we are as ſtrong as he, and leſs innocent.

1. *Sp.* Right:—— Let's look big, and ſpeak boldly.—— Stand, there: What Commiſſion have ye in theſe Quarters, you——*Tub-man*? What! Have ye young ones with ye? Ye ſha'n't wag an Ace farther, till we know upon what Errand ye are poſting.

1. *Fallen Sp.*— Why, ye *Etherial Stragglers*: Are we bound to give you an Account?

1. *Sp.* Ye muſt do't, or diſoblige your *Hags*, to defend your ſelves.

2. *Fallen*

2. *Fallen Sp.*— Don't prejudice my *Caldron*, and I'll tell ye whither I'm marching with my Tribe.

1. *Sp.*—— Say then.

2. *Fallen Sp.*—— Into the *French* King's Cellar for two or three Hours, to treat my faithful Servants there, with every thing that's grateful to their Senſes.

1. *Sp.*—— Very well. And you, Mr. *Tubvolant*, ſay which Way bound,---quickly,--- or we'll turn your *Diddi-Birds* out of their Neſt; do you lend 'em Wings, if you can, to bear up their Garbidge.

1. *Fall.*—— Thus have I ſeen a laden Pinnace brav'd by a meaner empty Veſſel.—— Well,—— I alſo am upon the ſame Journey; and if ye will come along with us, you'll ſee ſuch Entertainment as none of your *Order* ever ſaw before.

1. *Sp.*—— No,—— We muſt have no Society with *Apoſtates*.—— Come, turn out of your Lodgings, we muſt have the Tub; mount your Servants upon that *Colt*.

Witches. We are a Dozen of us already, and therefore too many, unleſs we muſt ride upon the Main, and hang upon the Tail.

1. *Sp.*—— Yes, yes; any how, according as you can agree; we give no Orders in that.--So, that's very well.—— Come, turn out of the *Caldron*, and beſtride your *Calf*; he looks as if he wanted to ſuck you.—— Very well:—— Now, *Lady-Haggs*, jog on ſoftly, that ye don't jade your Courſers before your Journey's End.

2. *Fallen*

2. *Fallen Sp.* Remember this when you come to be *Incorporate*: Aſſure your ſelves, we ſhall be equal with you then.

1. *Sp.* —— Come, don't prate, for fear ye ſtumble, and loſe a Bunch.— We know your Power well enough, that 'tis limited. No more:— Troop off, and ſhew your Shapes.

2. *Sp.* — This Plunder will be extreamly welcome to *Aquarius*: You heard of the Miſfortune of his *Water-Pots* being broken the other Day, by the *Retrograde Dragon*; Ha!— won't theſe ſerve in their Room as well as may be?

1. *Sp.* —— If they had been both of a ſort, it had been better; this *Tub* will be ſubject to leak. But perhaps *Aries* can hammer the *Caldron* into Two with his Horns, and afterwards puſh it into the ſhape of the *Pitchers*: And if ſo, we'll make a *Bone fire* of the *Tub*, and laugh at the *World* below, who will ſhoot it with their *Teleſcopes*, for a prodigious *Comet*.

2. *Sp.*— Right, again.—— But methinks, the Pleaſantneſs of this Enterpriſe ſeems to be abated, by the Concern of getting unperceiv'd into our Lodgings: Suppoſe we ſhou'd be met with by the Watch, 'twill ſpoil the Humour on't.

1. *Sp.*—Piſh, never trouble your ſelf about that: Leave the Management of it to me.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XVIII.

Between Two Spirits *that are to be* Mayor *and* Mayoress *of a certain* Corporation: *And when they come into their* Bodies.

1. Sp. I Have just now been with the *Secretary of Fate*, to be resolv'd about some *Corporal Questions*, for I judg'd my *Imbodying* near at hand. But 'twas not that that push'd on my Curiosity so much, as to know why I had such an unaccountable Inclination to your Company.

2. Sp. And are you resolv'd now?

1. Sp. Yes: I'm to be *Lord Mayor of*——— in 1740. and you are to be my *Lady Mayoress*.

2. Sp. I the *Mayoress*? Why sure! Am not I as fit to be *my Lord Mayor* as you?

1. Sp. I suppose you will always think so, or else you'll break the Custom; but *Fate* has design'd your *Mould* different from mine: You are to have a *Body* of a *peculiar, thin, brittle sort of Clay*; and, in short, you'll be the *weaker Vessel*, and therefore design'd for other Uses than the Burden of a *Sword and Mace*.

2. Sp. What Uses, (my Dear:) Methinks I begin to be *in Love*, before I know what it is.

1. Sp. Did you take notice of those three *Souls* that fled by just now?

2. Sp.

2. *Sp.* Yes: Are they to be our Relations, when we come into the *other World*?

1. *Sp.* No nearer than *your Son and two Daughters.* There were two other *Souls* that us'd to be much in their Company about Twenty Years since, which in a little time will be *your Father and Mother*: But I shall spoil the Business, by reckoning up *Genealogies.* I'm told, you'll be very severe to me.

2. *Sp.* In what?

1. *Sp.* Unkind *Prudence*, and more cruel *Custom* will bind you to hard Laws, and teach you this Lesson; *Starve your self, to keep your Slave poor.*

2. *Sp.*—— That's a hard Lesson, indeed: But perhaps 'tis taught, to avoid harder.

1. *Sp.*--- Right: For those that don't stand upon their Guard, are easily trepann'd, and wheedl'd into a Thousand Misfortunes; especially, that great one of *Rash Weddings.* But to avoid all this, let you and I finish our Court'ship here.

2. *Sp.* I'm afraid *Pre-existent Contracts* will be forgot, or, at least, raise Jealousies amongst our *Rival-School fellows.*

1. *Sp.* Never fear that: Assume one *Body of Air*, and I'll prepare another, and then we'll talk it once o'er again.

2. *Sp.* But what Dress is *A-la-mode*?

1 *Sp. Ruffs* and *Commodes* will be out of Fashion: But what need you take care of that? Any Dress is every Dress, if there's no other present to compare it by.—— Ay, that will do.——— O the Charms of the Petticoat!—— Methinks I'm already got within the

the Influence of that Command, *Increase and Multiply.*

2. *Sp.* This is a near way of Wooing indeed. Where's your *Billet-Deuxes*, your Vows and Dying?———

1. *Sp.* Hold, no more of that Nonsensical Cant; 'tis all but an honest way of *Fornication* at a distance.

2. *Sp.* Fye upon this Doctrinal Part of Wooing: The World below wou'd think this a strange Name for their *Tendernesses.*

1. *Sp.* 'Tis neither better nor worse; if I *love a woman*, 'tis no more in other terms, than *I wou'd sleep with her*; so that squeezing Hands, grasping Knees, kissing, hugging *&c.* are Infant-Offers on both sides at *something else*; 'tis the extremity of these Desires that sheds the Blood of Rivals, prompts to *Suicide*, and Tenants *Bedlam*;— when perhaps the Party all the while believ'd it to be pure Love, innocent Gratitude, harmless Esteem, refin'd Friendship, *&c.* Not considering that true Friendship increases by the multitude of Rivals, and that no Man was ever angry with his Neighbour for loving his Wife's Soul; when you come into the other world, you'll find no *Jilts* nor *Bullies* in *Bedlam* for Love, no Affronts taken at the *Encomiums* of a Woman's Mind, no desperation for want of an Union of Souls, In short, all Languishments, Sighs, Vows, Protestations, and all the long *Christ-Cross Row* of Lovers is nothing else but the plain *So, So*, in another Dress. Friendship is another thing, and is too sacred to be mention'd at the same time as Love;

it has no dependance at all on the Body, farther than that has a relation to the Mind, but Friendſhip is a Subject too foreign for monopolizing Lovers, and may be diſcuſs'd when we have nothing elſe to do; therefore in ſhort, what Stomach have you to an honeſt Prolification? Am I yours now; or muſt I tarry till a real Naturalization reads the ſame Leſſon to you o'er again in another World?

2 *Sp.* I'll conſider on't; and in the mean time, if I ſhou'd conſent, I hope you'll ſee me better rigg'd than the reſt of my Neighbours.

1 *Sp.* Yes, yes, never fear that.

2 *Sp.* —— Then I'm yours;——— but I won't ſay, I love you, leſt you ſhou'd tell me again what Love is.

DIALOGUE XIX.

Between the Parcæ, *(viz.* Clotho, Lacheſis, *and* Atropos, *) and* a Book-Seller.

Parcæ —— UP Mr. *Letter-monger*, and prepare for your Body, we are drawing out the *firſt Thred of your Temporality.*

Bookſeller. —— VVhat mine? Pray lay that *Diſt iffe* by, and take another; do *dear Lady*, and

and let not me be a Priſoner theſe hundred years, ——— I'm afraid of *Incorporation*; for even *Divinity-Books*, are a meer Drug; but perhaps in a hundred years more, Times may be better: I never intreated before, deny me not now.

Parcæ.—— We'll grant your Requeſt aſſoon as any Body's elſe; but the Dice are caſt, and there's no reſiſting Fate; you muſt budge whether you will or no: Come, don't think to wheedle, and perſuade us *like Cuſtomers*; *you aren't got behind the Counter yet.*

Bookſeller.— I know it very well; — and ſince there's no Intreaty that can prevail, I've done. Now muſt I ſtand *Centry ſeven years* with my fingers in my mouth, and bare-headed, the better to receive the Impreſſion of the cunning *Myſtery.* ——— Methinks I have got it already; ——— Now for a fine Fetch with that Author about *Supernumeraries*, or Printing a greater Number ſecretly, than I contracted for; Can't I handſomly interlope with my Neighbour *H*——'s Copy, 'tis a very good one, and the Author is at work again. Suppoſe to get the next Copy, *I go and out-bid for this*, now 'tis too late, and tell the Author he was Wheedled and *Chous'd* out of his Labours.——— *I muſt ſqueeze that Book binder, 'twill help towards the loſs of my late Impreſſion.* ——This Copy-Money runs away with a great deal of my Gains, Can't I turn *Plagiary*, and with a handſom ſleight of Hand, put a *new Title upon that old Book*; or were't not beſt to turn *Author my ſelf*, by pillaging other Mens

Works——Right, that will do, I'll part with no more Copy-Money these seven years.—— This *Collection* which I have already made, would pass, with a good *Title Page.*—— *M*—— *R*——and I, can invent some specious one for it. 'Tis not a Farthing matter whether 'tis *agreeable* to the Subject within treated of:—— But how shall I come off with those *Scandalous Pamphlets,* I shall print under the Name of *John a Nokes* upon *Tower-hill, Grub-street.* the *Strand,* or any where else? Shall I suffer for another's *Pamphleteering,* for telling News before it happens, and sometimes such as always has, is, and will be a Notorious Lye? *No I thank ye,* so long as I know how to be in League with the *Messenger of the Press,* and some body else, I'll run the hazard.—— Now for a Body! with all the satisfaction imaginable, for when I come into the other World, possibly I may attain to be as crafty as my Neighbours, and if so, *I'll venture one step further,* to get above 'em: I have only one Request to make, (Dear Mistress of Fate) that you will send but a *few Booksellers,* and a great many *Authors* into the World, for these Threescore and Ten Years.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XX.

Betwixt a Transmigrated Soul, and an Unbodied Spirit.

Transmig. Spirit. WELL, how fare our *Friends, Brother?* I long to be a Member again of your Society, and to be freed from the strange Alliances I have contracted.

Unbody'd Spirit. Why, what Relations have you now?

Tr. Sp. My present Relations are a *forward Crop of Beans*, but what Kindred I shall meet with the next Harvest, I know not: I came out of a *Sprat the last Year*, having finish'd my Circuition and Change through all the *Watry* Inhabitants.

Unbody'd Sp. Pray, what sort of Fish gave you the most troublesome Entertainment?

Tr. Sp. The *Porpus*, by far, to be sure every Westerly Wind I was Drunk with tumbling o'er, and o'er, if it had not been for a *pittying Collier*, who by a lucky Shot made a hole just big enough to creep out of my Prison, I might have lain in *Salt pickle* these forty years longer; but 'tis all one, for I was turn'd out of one Prison, to be Chain'd in another; for I can't expect to change the Laws of Fate, and

have my *Transmigrations* finisht before another Thousand Years more are expired.

Unb. Sp. Why so?

Tr. Sp. Because I must run through all things *Terrestrial*, *Marine*, *and Volatile*, before I have finisht my Task, and expiated the wickedness of my *Pre-existent State*, which expiation always lasts three thousand years; 'tis an unalterable Decree, that all Spirits are to be purify'd by such a Discipline, only here's the difference; that Spirits are to actuate mostly in those Creatures that are of the same Dispositions as they were; as for Instance: The Justice of Fate assigns such as are *Angry and Malicious* into Serpents, the *Ravenous* into Wolves, the *Fraudulent* into Foxes, and so of the rest; only here and there's a *good Spirit*, whose actions being most rational, transmigrates out of *one Man into another*, finishing most of the *three Thousand years in humane Bodies*, and as for other Creatures, the Fates take care that they speedily die, that that part of the Transmigration may be quickly over, and reason good. for if by chance they shou'd be unjustly confin'd beyond the *three Thousand Years*, there's no amends to be made, but some preferment amongst the Officers of Fate, who are always exempt from the Duties of Humanity.

Unb. Sp. Pray give an Instance of some Soul that has animated several Humane Bodies.

Tr. Sp. I my self was first infus'd into *Æthalides*, then pass'd into *Euphorbus*, then into *Hermotimus*, then into *Pyrrhus*, then into *Pythagoras*;

thagoras; then I left Humanity, and Transmigrated into an *Elephant*, and so on through every distinct Species in the Creation, and now at last I'm got into a Bean.

Unb. Sp. I can get into a *Bean* too, if I please: But here's the Question; Is this *Bean, my proper Residence*, and am I, by a Virtual Contact, confin'd more to it, than to any other Being, or Place whatever? I am rather of Opinion, that all this noise about *Transmigration* is no more than thus. That such as are of an equal Temper, Judgment, Inclination, *&c.* may be said to be unanimous, or acted by the same Spirit, especially if they live in different Ages. I can't conceive it to be any thing else, but, *like Care, Motion, Study,* &c. *of some dead Person appearing in some living one*; and thus you, if you acted *Pythagoras*, you were no more *Euphorbus*, *Hermotinus*, or *Pyrrhus*, than as you had an Inclination to the several Excellencies that appeared in those Persons, and thus a Transmigration into Fishes, Trees, Plants, *&c.* is nothing else but a study of their Nature.

Tr. Sp. You might have added, That 'tis a Doctrine that has not been received in the lower World these many Years; and that 'tis also believ'd, that 'twas a politick Juggle to make the Age Virtuous, by suggesting, that if Persons liv'd ill Lives, they shou'd suffer such and such dreadful Transmigrations after Death; but you'll find to your Sorrow, when you come to put off your first Body, that all is matter of Fact, and no Politick Juggle.

Unb. Sp. When it comes to't, I'll believe it, but not before, since *Pythagoras*, who is affirm'd to be the greatest Patron of this Doctrine, did also teach, That *the Substantive Unity of one Number, is not the Unity of another*, and if so, there's no Transmigration of one Animal into the Life of another different Animal, but a continuance (as long as there is a Being) under the Law of its own Nature, and particular Species; *Species is not coincident with Species*; and this is also imply'd by one of *Pythagoras*'s Symbols, *viz. We must not wear the Image of God in a Seal-Ring*; that is, as God can't be resembled, or included in Corporeal matter, so a Humane Spirit (which is the Image of God) must not stoop so low as to actuate meaner Nature than the Rational.

Tr. Sp. Pythagoras held a Correspondence with Spirits, and cou'd not be mistaken, what Instances you have brought, are none of his, *Timon, Lenophanes, Cratinus, Aristophon, Hermippus, and others*, have ascrib'd many things to *Pythagoras*, which he never said nor wrote. ——But you'll be better satisfy'd when you come to make an Experiment your self.

Unb. Sp. 'Tis no matter whether they are his or no, they are truth, and truth never clashes with truth, but is always the same: But I suppose *you are in a Dream*, instead of, *in a Bean*, or I wou'd advise you to gape, for here's a shower of Rain, which will help on with your Germination, and haste your Change into a Cabbage.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXI.

Amongst the whole Consistory of Spirits, *Examining a* Heretick Soul, *about some new Doctrines held forth in Opposition to the Common receiv'd Opinions of the* Ætherial Fraternity.

Consistory. PRoduce the Prisoner, and his Pamphlet; and let's hear what he can say in proof of his new Doctrines; if we admit of one Innovation here, no wonder the World below us is all in *Flames* and *Divisions.*

Register of Fate. He is ready here, and his Pamphlet too——Will ye be pleas'd that I, or he read.

Consist. No, let him begin, and make his Defence to every particular Article as he goes along.

Prisoner. I accept the freedom of making my Defence to the Mysterious Truths that I have discovered, as a very great Favour, and shall without any Preface begin as follows,

The

The First Cannon I lay down is, *That the Sun and Moon are no Planets (as is vulgarly believ'd) but the two Eyes of the World, and that which you call Eclipses, is nothing else but the World's winking when 'tis sleepy.*

Confist. How! the World sleepy? Prove that.

Pr. You'll allow the World to be Matter, and as soon as it was created, to be sent of an Errand, and ride Post until this very Minute, without any intermission whatever: You will also grant, that the whole is of the same nature as all its parts, and that motion *wears* away, and destroys what is material, unless it have some Reparations, 'tis impossible always to run, move, act, *&c.* I speak of particular parts of *Matter*, and the same also holds good concerning the whole. I know the great Objection that you'll make, and therefore will Obviate it, to save your labour, *viz. 'Tis impossible to pretend to particular Functions in Nature, and at the same time to be asleep.*——— To which, I Answer.———That the Soul of the World is never sleepy, no more than the Spirit in Humane Bodies; but you can't deny it impossible for a Man in's Sleep, to Walk, Saddle Horses, Mow, Plow, *&c.* of which, there are Instances enough; just so the Soul of the World follows on its Task, tho' its material frame may be asleep; for if it did not it would break its Commission, by leaving some part of the World in too long a Darkness; but this is not a Position entertain'd only by me, take the Sentiments of the lower World upon it, some of which call the Eclip-

Eclipses πάθη, or the Labours of the Moon, some shot at it to keep it awake, some held up Torches, and sounded Instruments of Brass to ease it: Whence one of their Poets.

Cum frustra resonant æra auxiliaria Lunæ.
Metam. Lib. 4.

And another.

Una laboranti petierit succurrere Lunæ.
Juven. Sat. 6.

All which considered, perhaps may render the Doctrine as reasonable as 'tis new.

Consist. —Well, we shall weigh your Reasons by and by, what's your next Thesis.

Pr. Second Canon. *That the Constellations in the Heavens, call'd the* Dragon's-Head *and* Tail, *are nothing else but pieces of a pickled Whale.* To prove which, I have the Man in the Moon to be my Voucher, who is a person of so great Credit, and Reputation, that *Noah* made him the *Boston of his Ark.* His Relation is this, That one Morning, during the Flood, being very curious to take his leave of an old Neighbour or two that were got upon a Wind-Mill, to secure themselves from Drowning as long as they cou'd, the Moon being at Full, (that is broad awake) and according to her usual Method going to take a Draught of Sea Water, (which by the way, is the reason why Tides swell, on purpose for a full Draught) she suckt up a Whale, and the *Boston of the Ark* at once, with a bundle of Cable

Cable Ropes at his back, but being not us'd to such Victuals, she pickled the Fish, and presented it to the Astrologick Souls (who have eat up all but the Head and Tail,) but kept the Bostron to be her *Valet de Chamber*.

Consist. A very strange Relation, but we shall know whether true or no, when we have sent a Messenger for the Man in the Moon: In the mean time proceed.

Pr. Third Cannon. *That the Moon is drunk once a Month*; I don't positively assert this, but am willing to recant if any of you can show me a better reason why her Face shou'd be so red, when she takes a dose of the great *Salt Bowle, alias* the Sea.

Consist. We shall consider of that also —— proceed.

Pr. Fourth Cannon. *That the occasion of the Universal Deluge, was the Tears of the Devil and his Angels, who wept for grief to be routed and cast out of Heaven*: They had two Designs by their Tears, for when they found they could not get in again, they hang'd about the Concave and Battlements thereof, as Flies do upon the Cieling of Houses, weeping as well to ease themselves as to be reveng'd of Mankind, so finding themselves to be very many, they wept a numerous Company of Clouds, which were all that time in falling down upon the Earth, as is betwixt *Adam* and *Noah*; but I'm not so conceited and positive, as to believe this the reason, if you can give me a better. ——But however I must beg the liberty to be positive in my next Cannon, *viz.*

Fifth

Fifth Cannon.——*That the cauſe of Winds flying backward and forward, is the breathing of the World, juſt as Mankind ſucks breath in and out.* To prove this (for I know you expect no leſs than a Demonſtration) I need not ſay you muſt conſider, (for you do,) That there can be no Effect without a Cauſe, no Motion without a Mover: The Opinions that paſs in this, and the lower World too, have not been enough examin'd, *viz.* That the Sun, Moon, and Stars being Monſtrous Bodies, and continually upon the hurry 'tis ſuppos'd, that they moving, drive the Winds along with 'em, and that the difference of their Motions, cauſes different Winds, or an Agitation of the Air, this, and that way; which is impoſſible, becauſe then we ſhou'd have no Weſterly Winds, moſt of the Erratick Stars moving Weſtward, which hinder the Winds from coming that way; beſides, all Southern and Nothern Winds wou'd be unnatural, but we know that they are as common as Eaſterly Winds. Nor wou'd the Rarification of Water (as the Philoſophers in the lower World Dream) be enough to ſupply ſuch great Winds, and Hurricanes, as ſometimes happen, for they only proceed immediately from the lungs of the World, when it has catch'd cold, or is diſpos'd to Laugh or Whiſtle, which makes the Air fly faſter out. I might add here, inſtead of putting it into another *Cannon.*——That all Earthquakes proceed from the ſighing of the World when 'tis in a melancholy Humour, for it raiſing up its Body (as Man does his Breaſt when he ſighs) and being brittle where it has the

the fewest Ribs (I mean Mines, Quarries, &c. as vulgarly called) the Buildings, and Cities ſtanding in thoſe places, tumble in into's Bowels to ſecure themſelves from a tranſport into the World of the Moon. ——— Well, Gentlemen, I hope 'tis your Silence that gives Conſent unto theſe Truths, and not an Amazement at their Novelty. In Confidence whereof, I proceed to my

Sixth Cannon, *viz. That Stars are the Bubbles of the World, at which all Aſtrologers ſuck, and that all that don't love Aſtrology were put out to Nurſe, and wein'd with groſſer Dyet.* ——— But I beg your Pardon (Gentlemen!) I turn'd over a wrong Leaf; this is your *own received Principle*, therefore no need to prove it, I meant thus ——— *That 'tis as poſſible for an Aſs to drink up the Moon, as to cure Wounds by Sympathy.*

Conſiſt. Ay, indeed now you ſay ſomething, that is, as much as to ſay 'tis poſſible for an Aſs to ſuck out one of the Eyes of the World; for ſo you call'd it but juſt now; but pray before you prove it, prove a poſſibility that it may be proved.

Pr. Pray, Gentlemen, let me have fair play, I mean the liberty of a Philoſopher—— If I prove it, I alſo prove a poſſibility of proving it: Don't I?

Conſiſt. Yes.

Pr. Very well. To proceed then. I am to tell you that my Correſpondence from the other World is very good and creditable, and 'tis often found there, that the Man travels in pains of Childbirth, when the Woman her ſelf

ſelf is Deliver'd without pain: That if ſome ſort of Leaves are rub'd (whilſt growing) upon a Corn, VVart, &c. that Corn, or Wart ſhall die as the Leaf withers away: —— Thus ſmall ideal parts, or fancy'd Repreſentatives of what is real, have the ſame Sympathetick Effect, that a true Cauſe wou'd have, when you come into the other World, read Sir *Kenelm Digby*'s Works in this kind. Now thoſe that can deny an Aſs to have no Fancy, deny themſelves any: But to be ſhort, and give you an Inſtance that is matter of Fact. One of my Correſpondents (*Ludov. vives*) gave me an account of a certain People that did impriſon an Aſs for drinking up the Moon; the manner was thus: —— The Aſs being driven to the Water to drink, the Moon ſhin'd very bright, and reflected in the water juſt where the Aſs drunk; the Aſs fancy'd ſtrongly, pull'd hard to draw in the Moon, and it had the effect accordingly, tho' ſome were ſo ſilly as to believe the Moon being in danger, ſlipt out of ſight behind a Cloud. Hereupon the Aſs was brought to the Bar, to receive a Sentence according to his Deſerts; and as the Senate were gravely debating the matter, one ſtarts up, a little wiſer perhaps than the reſt, and made the ſhort following Speech. —— Gentlemen, 'Tis my private Opinion, (and I hope not unreaſonably) that 'tis no trifling buſineſs for our Town to looſe its Moon; and I know but of one way to recover it again, *viz.* by giving the Aſs a ſtrong Vomit, to weaken his Fancy, for 'tis that that keeps the Moon a Priſoner in his Maw. —— No,

ſays

says another, I think it much better that the Ass be cut up, and the Moon taken out of him; in short, they handled the Ass so severely, that he had forgot his Supper, and the Moon stole whole, and undigested again into its own place against the next Night, but ever after play'd at Bo-peep, when she saw the Ass come near the Water.——Gentleman, 'tis all matter of Fact, and as great a truth as my next Position.

Seventh Cannon. *That those Devils that were furthest pursu'd by* Michael *and his Angels*, viz. *as far as the middle Region of the Air, are all Taylors, and cut out the Clouds into Shapes of Hogs, Trees, Ships, Dromedaries*, &c. *on purpose to be talk'd on and wondered at by the ignorant Country People of the World below.*

To prove which, you may be pleas'd to remember, the Prince of Wicked Angels fell by Pride in endeavouring to be like his Maker; and when he was excluded, and chased out of Heaven, he cou'd not forget the Notion, but wou'd yet be *imitating*, and make the Representations of all Creatures in Clouds, and Condens'd Bodies of Air, I might (if there was occasion, to strengthen this Argument) add, that he has also his Oracles, Miracles, Sacrifices, Priests, in short above one half of the World his true and faithful Servents, and all this because the *old Notion of Imitation* was so deeply rooted in his mind.——Now it being prov'd, that the Prince of fallen Spirits, does act so and so; it follows, that all the subordinate Mob have an Itch to imitate their Head, it being a great truth:

Regis

Regis ad Exemplum totus Componitur Orbis.

Subjects will be imitating their King, and Children their Parents, let 'em act good or bad. By Taylor, and cutting out Clouds, I mean only Metaphorically a shaping of Clouds, and I shall think none of you Hereticks, if you call 'em Carpenters, or Statuaries.

Consist.——Well, and the next.

Pr. *That never any Spirit was sent into a Humane Body, to joyn with it as its proper half, or as a convenient residence, but as into a Prison for Debt, purely for Debt; and not (as is pretended) for rambling, or other Extravagancies.*

To prove which, you need only to consult the Records of our Honourable Court of Equity, and you'll find the Decrees generally run thus: "That having upon the humble "Suit of the Plantiff *A*, impartially weigh'd "and consider'd the Defendant *B*'s *Charge*, "wherein is proved, that besides bilking his "Lodging, he never paid for the cleansing "his Wings, nor whitening his Wand; be it "therefore *Enacted* by the Prerogative of this "Honourable Court of Spirits, That the said "*B*, be forthwith transported into the other "World, and be kept close Prisoner in a Hu-"mane Body for Seventy two Years (or "some other Number, proportioned to the nature of the Debt.)—And this is farther prov'd by my Correspondents in the other World, who tell me, they often get into the Ear to listen if there be any subject of dissolution,

and sometimes mount up into the Eye, and take a view of the Skies, their old Lodgings; and when the Eye (that is to say, the Wicket door, or rather the Grate of the Prison) is clos'd up, 'tis more terrible to 'em, then **Gatnithing, or double Irons** to a Criminal; and thus much for Incorpation Penalties.

Eighth Cannon. *'Tis as easie a thing for Ships to sail in the Clouds of the Air, as in the Sea, and 'tis an Invention that will be found out when Mankind shall discover the way into the World of the Moon.*

This Cannon consists of two parts, *viz. Hypothetick and Prophetick*, to prove the Hypothesis.——Clouds are form'd in the Air either ordinarily, or extraordinarily; ordinarily by the Exhalations of thin and moist Vapours, just as the steam of a boiling Caldron ascends, which meeting together, and justling in the air, by little and little are condens'd into thick Clouds, or airy Rivers, which by degrees empty themselves again into the Sea, as all other Rivers do upon the Earth. Extraordinarily, when several Winds meet together (as 'tis frequent in some Seas) the equal strife causes a whirling violent ascention of fighting Particles, which form a Vacuum in the shape of a leaden Pipe, or Pump as high as the Clouds, but Nature abhorring a Vacuum, fills that vast Pipe with Water, by way of *Suction* or drawing up. So that presently there are formed Clouds of many Millions of Tuns of Water, which can easily enough bear up a Ship, for water looses not its nature in being less, as is evident, by a Ship swimming as well in

Twenty

Twenty Fathom deep, as Twenty thousand. Nor has it less power in the Air, than on the Earth; for a *Tub of Water* upon the top of a House, will bear up a Hat, Stick, *&c.* as easily as the *Well* in the Ground, from whence that water was taken. But though we have prov'd, that Ships may sail in the Air, we shan't promise prosperous Voyages, which brings me to the Prophetick part of my *Cannon, viz.* That Mankind shall discover the way into the *World of the Moon, when they find out the way of Sailing in the Air*; I could prove this also, but that it would lessen the Credit of Prophesies, which admit of no demonstration, but *matter of fact*: Therefore I shall wave it, not desiring to be believed, till it be fulfill'd.

Consist. That's reasonable enough,—What else have you to offer?

Pr. Ninth Cannon. *That* Saturn *is neither Base nor Tenor, but Counter-Tenor in the Musick of the Spheres.*

I have my own reasons for this *Negative*, and I expect the same liberty that the Philosophers have in the World below, that is, *Not to prove Negatives.* Let all the Musical Souls amongst ye, prove the affirmative, and I'll not only yield the Cause, but give 'em both my Ears for a demonstration so soon as I have 'em. But to proceed, if I may speak without offence, or particular Reflections on this Honourable *Consistory*, who are now my Judges, I have a great many more Negatives to offer in opposition to as many received Opinions amongst you, which ye have taken

upon Truſt, without examining the reaſonableneſs of 'em; in which (provided I may be freed from my Confinement, and the Calumny of it,) I ſhall oblige all our Fraternity with my farther Diſcoveries.

Conſiſt.—— We'll do you juſtice, and upon performance of your promiſe, you ſhall have your Liberty.

DIALOGUE XXII.

Between the whole Conſiſtory of Spirits, *being a diſcovery of Vulgar Errors, receiv'd in that Society, by the late ſuppos'd Heretick Spirit yet a Priſoner.*

Priſoner— THE Goodneſs of my Cauſe is to me inſtead of Queſtions; therefore I ſhall immediately begin to diſcover the vulgar Errors of our Society.—— The Condition of my Releaſment,

Secretary of Fate.— Hold a little; here's the *Man in the Moon* come now; let's hear what he can ſay about the *Pickl'd Leviathan*; if upon Oath he confirms not your Teſtimony already deliver'd, how ſhall we believe what you ſhall offer hereafter. —— *Swear him there*, and Adminiſter the Interrogatories already drawn up to that end. *Notary*

Notary Publick. 'Tis done—— *Imprimis*, do you know the Prisoner at the Bar? Have you ever held Correspondence with him? And if so, how long?

Man in the Moon. Yes, I do know the Prisoner at the Bar, and have held a *particular Correspondence* with him, ever since 35 Years before the FLOOD.

Not. Pub. Item, Was you the *Boston of* Noah's *Ark?* Did the Moon suck a Whale and you up with a *bundle of Cables* at your Back, at full Tide in the Universal Deluge, declare the truth, and nothing but the truth.——You are upon your Oath.

Man in the Moon. The affirmative of every particular of this second Interrogatory is truth.

Not. Pub. Item——Are you now *Valet de Chamber* to the Moon?

Man in the Moon.——I am.

Consist. He's very positive, pray examine about his *Humanity, Sustenance*, &c. this looks very suspicious.

Not. Pub.——*Item*, Were you a *Man, or a Spirit*, when you were *Boston of the Ark?* If the first, How come you to live so long without *putting off the Body?* If the last, was there any more Spirits with you there at the same time. *Remember you are upon your Oath*, and therefore speak the whole truth, and nothing but truth.

Man in the Moon.——I was then, and yet am of *Humane Race*, and possibly shall continue lively and well, till the day of Judgment, by reason of the *agreeableness of that Æthar* to

my Stomach, I am never Sick, Hungry, Thirsty, nor Weary; for there's no crude Vapours, or gross matter to turn into Diseases. Nor is it at all strange, since the lower World tells you of one *Epimendies* (*Viridiar. Lib.* 4. *prob.* 24.) that slept Seventy Five Years without Meat and Drink, and of a whole Nation in *India*, that lives upon pleasing Odors, (*Nat. Hist. lib.*7.*c.*3.) and of *Democritus* that was fed divers days with the smell of hot Bread (*Diog. Laert. lib.* 1.*cap.* 9.) why shou'd it seem strange to you, that pure *Æther* shou'd afford such a Nourishment, when your common, gross, vaporous Air nourishes Vegitables? *Onions*, and the *Sempervive*, shoot forth and germinate, when hang'd in the open Air. What think ye of the *Birds of Paradise*, that have nothing else to feed upon but Air? Go and ask *Rondoletius* how it was possible for his *Priest* to live forty years upon nothing but *Air*? Or what he meant, when he said he was an Eye-witness of one that had lived Ten years without other Nourishment. From all which 'tis no wonder that the *pure Æther* shou'd have such Effects upon me, as you now see; though if there were occasion for it, there's all sorts of Diet; but they are given only as *Physick to new Comers* into our *World in the Moon*, as preparatory to a *perpetual Abstinence*. ——— Gentlemen, I hope what I have said is satisfactory; and so I desire the liberty to withdraw: The *Moon* is awake, and ready to get up by this time, and if I miss my Attendance, I may be turn'd out of my Office.

Con-

Conſiſtory. —— Very well; diſcharge the Witneſs, and ſee him ſafe home in the *Moon* again. —— In the mean time, —— do you, Mr. *Philoſopher*, proceed in your Diſcoveries; you ſhall have a very favourable Conſtruction of what you offer.

Priſoner. — I acknowledge my Obligations, (*moſt judicious Patrons*) and ſhall impart what I have found out, with as much Humility and Modeſty as Truth can ſtoop to.——

Firſt then, I ſhall preſume to call this receiv'd Opinion a Vulgar Error.

That Taurus *has any Horns, or that he feeds of the Schems and Draughts of Aſtrologers in the lower World.*

Aſtrol. Sp.——How's that? Blaſphemy I proteſt: What will you make a ſucking Calf of one of the great Supporters of the Stars!

Priſoner. —— Pray, Mr. *Aſtrologer*, Not ſo faſt, leſt you ſhou'd tire; and then your Bull (I aſſure you) cannot carry you, tho' ye offer every day a Bundle of Schemes to him. Suppoſe there's no ſuch a Being in all the Heavens as *Taurus*, but only a Nominal Diviſion of the Heavens, what will become of Horns and Fodder then?

Aſtrol. Sp.—He raves certainly. —— Prove what you ſay.

Priſoner. Nay hold there; what bid a Philoſopher prove *Negatives*! Do you prove the *Affirmative* if you can; if not, tell this honourable Court why you believe it.

Aſtrol. Sp. —Let me conſider a little. ——

Prisoner.—— Come never vex your self to *find out what is not*; when the *Sun* goes through that Part or Division of the Heavens, (or if you will, when that part of the Heavens moves by the *Sun*,) it is said to be in *Taurus*, because it happens at the time of the Year when the *Countrey-man* tills, manures, and plows his Lands by the help of *Oxen* or *Bulls*; likewise when the *Sun is in Gemini*, 'tis said to be so, because of the *Pairing and Copulation* of most Creatures at that time; and so of the rest of the *Signs*: which are only Appellations, and no real Beings. I cou'd tell you, that there's some in the World below us, that know as much; but this wou'd be too like one of their Proverbs, *viz. If you wou'd know what News at Court, you must enquire in the Countrey*: And this puts me in mind of another false Opinion among us, *viz.*

That the Devil is a Male Spirit.

This is taken upon Trust too, without *examination of his Testicles*: if there be *ever a Midwife-Spirit* among you, that knew him out at Nurse, or that had any private Familiarity, or learn'd it by his own Confession before he fell, *stand forth.*

Midwife-Sp.——I knew him out at Nurse, but was never very curious in that particular; but he told me himself that he was a *Male-Spirit.*

Prisoner. He told ye! If you have no better Evidence than that, it proves nothing. 'Tis well known, *The first Word he spoke was a Lie*;

a *Lye*; and 'twas for lying that *Michael* chas'd him out of Heaven. —— I'm perſwaded he's an *Hermophradite*, my reaſons are theſe; 'Twas a *brave and Maſculine ſort* of Impiety when he pretended himſelf to be a God, and gave Oracles, and Propheſi'd; but 'twas a *Feminine* ſort of wickedneſs, to be afraid of the *Pentangle of Solomon*, the Liver of *Tobias* his *Fiſh*, the ſound of *Tetragrammaton*, the Vertue of *Hipericon*, the Root of *Baaras*: Cou'd any thing but a *Fœminine Devil*, be Commanded by *Charms*, *Spells*, *Conjurations*, *Letters*, *Notes*, and *Daſhes*. In ſhort, can the Devil be any thing elſe but a *Rigil*, that is, either *Man* or *Woman*, to gratifie the VVitches, and VVizards of the world below, Can he be any thing elſe but an *Hermophrodite*, whoſe Language looks both ways at once, and is either true or falſe.

Aio te Æacidem Romanos vincere poſſe.

No, no, the Caſe is plain; and I hope this *Honourable Convention* will order it to be regiſtred accordingly. And ſo I ſhall proceed to take notice of another Vulgar Error amongſt us, *viz.*

That the Soul of the World is not ſubject to the Paſſions of Humane Spirits, or that it is not ſometimes Merry, Sad, &c.

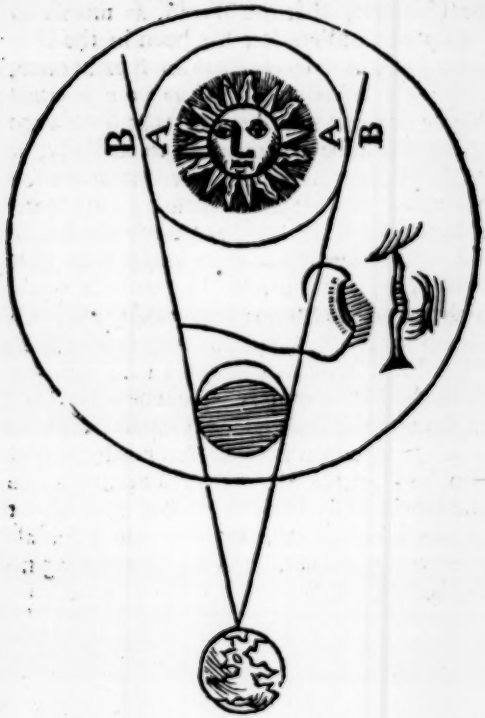
I ſuppoſe, if I prove the contrary you'll look ſo *wiſhfully* upon one another, that you'll have an immediate Confirmation of it by the

World's

World's Laughing at you: 'Tis a certain truth, and if you will but *peep out of the Wickets of your Stars*, and view the Face of the Elements, you will just now see it look with a pair of *Blubber'd Eyes*, the reason of it is this; Taking a view of the Creation, it casually fixt one of its Eyes upon the *Gallick Territories*, and seeing so much Tyranny, Pride, Extortion, Blasphemies, *&c.* it cou'd not refrain from *Weeping*, the Inhabitants of the World below us, call it *Raining*, not believing that the frequent showers of Tears that fall amongst 'em, are a *bewailing their Irregularities*; and thus, when it sees some good and vertuous Actions, it looks with a *pleasant Air*, and smiles upon 'em, and that they call *Sun-shine*. The other Night, the World had got the *Highcough*, which is very often mistaken for *Thunder*.——We are in almost a hundred Mistakes about the *Worlds Common Actions*; when it *Spits*, 'tis erroneously suppos'd to be a *Shooting of Stars*; when it turns its Head on one side, either in a *fit of Laughter*, or by being asham'd at some unhandsome Actions it sees, presently 'tis concluded, there's an *Eclipse of the Sun*; and in this Opinion, the World below us are deeply rooted: Now since I am not stingy, or partial in Communicating my Observations, I wou'd have some of you *Astrologick Souls* (when you come to have Bodies) to undeceive your Neighbours about that which they call an *Eclipse of the Sun*, for 'tis laid down as a *Maxime* amongst 'em, That the *Sun being a greater Body than the Moon*, can never be *totally Eclipsed*; which Error does so much affront

front the Harmonious Order, and make of the Universe, that the World, as unable to put up such Indignities, has been in the Humour sometimes to *close both her Eyes* at once, and leave Mankind *muffled up in a perpetual Night*; for you must believe, that if the Face of the World be proportioned to its Body, it must be *pretty broad*, at least some 100000 Miles.——So that the Eyes must stand a great distance one from another; nay, the *Inhabitants of the lower World* grant as much in effect when they say the Sun is in an Orb vastly higher than the Moon; now taking their Opinion for granted, the Sun may be totally Eclipsed according to their own Principles—— as in the Figure annext; for when the Face of the world stands side-way to the Earth, so that the Moon is betwixt the Earth and the Sun, 'tis plain, the Moon does not only Eclipse the whole Body of the Sun, but as far about as the Circle B, the Body of the Sun, although bigger than the Moon, extending no farther than A.

Another



Another Vulgar Error, wich I have met with, is this.

That there are no more Worlds habitable by Men, than the Earth, Moon, Sun, and the rest of the Planets, with a few fix'd Stars.

Now

Now this I know, by my own Experience, to be a falſhood, for coming home *late one Night* by the Seven Stars, I *peep'd* into the leaſt amongſt 'em (which you know is ſeldom viſible to the lower world) and I ſaw Thouſands of *Little Men and Women* going to a Fair, but they were no *bigger than Rats*; I cou'd not forbear *Philoſophizing* upon it, and at laſt I ſatisfy'd my ſelf with this Concluſion, that all *Stars were Worlds*, and the People in 'em were proportion'd according to the bigneſs of 'em, and I was confirm'd in my Opinion when I conſider'd that the Inhabitants of the Earth were about *two Yards high*, that thoſe in the Moon were as high as the *largeſt Steeples*, and that the People in the Sun wou'd make nothing of ſtepping *Seven Miles at a ſtep* in their common walking, hnd that an ordinary ſucking Flea had a Trunk as big as an *Elephant*; now Gentlemen, that you may be ſatisfied as well as I, that the leaſt Star is an *Habitable World*, 'tis but taking a little more notice of 'em in your Rambles.——

Another Vulgar Error amongſt us is,

That there are ſome new Stars ſince the Creation, or at leaſt old ones mended, as that in Caſſopeia, *that in* Sagitarius, *and many others.*

For Firſt, (as introductive to what follows) I ſhall prove that Stars don't *borrow their Light from the Sun*, but have their own innate light, as Fiſh Scales, Rotten Wood, *&c.* notwithſtanding all the plauſible pretences of *Earthly Philoſo-*

Philosophers; because, if they borrow'd their Light from the Sun, or by Reflection, they would not always have the same appearance, since the World moves its face sometimes so, that *both its Eyes* are hinder'd from looking upon such and such Stars, and sometimes by reason of the Interposition of one another; but such and such Stars have always the *same Lustre*, provided the Clouds don't interpose or hinder the light from making a right Judgment. —*Secondly*, They are not matter *solid and compact as the Earth is*, for 'tis evident to every bodies experience, that *motion* wou'd in time wear 'em away, but they are only *Globulous formations out of the first light*, which finisht the Circumrotation of Heaven and Earth, e're the Sun, Moon, or themselves were created; and if so, *Light is not subject to attrition* or wearing away, no more than Darkness, which in some sense is a *quality rather than a body*: Hence no Stars grow old, or wear away, and if so, no need either of *mending 'em, or making new ones*, for a convenient perfect number was at first created; besides, if they should be mended, what would have become of their *Inhabitants the same time?* or where must they have dwelt till their World had been *new Rigg'd?* Those Stars talk'd on, in *Cassopeia, Sagitarius, &c.* were nothing else but Meteors or Evaporations from the *bodies of other Planets*, caus'd by the Sun; and as the matter whereby they were fed ceased, they disappear'd; and the truth of all this is well known by many of our Society, who were at the same time upon the

the Ramble in those Quarters.——The next vulgar Error I observe is this,

That in a few Ages the People in the World below us will teach the Rucks *in* Madacassar *to fly with 'em into the World in the Moon, and steal some of those Inhabitants to show 'em at* Bartholomew Fair.

By what wild Notion this Opinion came to be propogated I know not, but the Authors of it do also tell us, that a *Ruck is a Bird with wings twelve foot long*, and that they make no more of stooping up a Horse and his Rider, than a *Kite does of a Mouse*, so that they can easily carry a Man any whither between their Pinions, or in their Talons. But tho' I grant this to be truth, yet the *Voyage is too long to undertake*; for according to my last Calculation, the distance between the *Earth and the Moon* is one hundred seventy nine Thousand, seven hundred and twelve Miles; so that supposing it possible for a man and his *winged Courser* to fly half a year together, it would be 980 miles a day, (*too violent a motion for breathing*) before he cou'd get to the Moon, which wou'd be a very hard Task without Meat, Drink, or Sleep. And lastly, (for I'll mention but one more at present) 'tis an Erronious Opinion,

That a Spirit can't carry away the whole Universe at once, if he might be permitted to do it.

If

If a Spirit can *heave* a Chair, a Stool, a Man, *&c.* he can also remove the World. The reason is, *matter is not determinative upon Spirits*, first, not as to *place*, for if a Spirit cannot be circumscrib'd, it follows that all Places are the same to him, and that if a Spirit moves a Chair from its first Station, he can also move it ten thousand Miles further, all the labour being only *willing such a motion*. Nor is it the Quality of *matter* that can hinder this motion, all matter being the same to him; we have daily instances of *Spirits passing thro' Glass, and the most continuous matter* as easily as through Air, which is a more extended *Body*. Nor is it *Quantity* that can hinder this motion, for 'tis granted that a Spirit can as easily *move a man as a flea*, and if so, he can as easily *run away with a Star as a man*, but this he is not permitted to do, since such a motion would spoil the *harmonious and regular position of the Heavens*: but to prove it possible to remove *Sun*, *Moon*, *Stars*, *Earth*, *Sea*, nay, and the whole *Cœlum Empyreum* at once; I shall offer,——That a Spirit moves not matter by application of matter to the thing moving, (as when a man moves his Hatt off his Head, he moves it with his hand, which is another body) but by a *vertual Contact* or Application of the Will, just as a man moves his own Body, which is only by *willing* a motion to it; just so when a man moves his hand, he moves it not by help of the other hand, but by the *immediate act of his will*. Now the Spirit in a man is limited by Incorporation, and can move nothing but only its members,

or

or what it applys its members to; which also being matter are *confin'd to Proportions* in respect of that other matter which they are apply'd to, yet an *unbodied Spirit* being confin'd to no particular Matter can **will** a motion to any *matter*, which is effective upon matter, as greater Powers command lesser. Nay, I might yet further offer that a spirit might move *all the Universe at once* (I mean the *Cælum Empyreum*, and all the Globes within it) without displacing the particular parts; as the Wheels, Weights, *&c.* of a Clock, when the whole Clock is mov'd away at once; for a Clock will follow its *regular motions* in *Italy* as well as in *England*, so that (*Gentlemen Spirits*,) if you have a mind to examine *matter of fact*, there's no more to do than to make a tryal, only I have this to tell you, that you cannot tell whether you move the **whole** or no, because you *carry all matter and place* with you, so that there will be left no place behind to measure from, and if so, no distance, and consequently no motion to be judg'd of; nor can we who are within the Globe perceive it, since we shall be always at the same distances, just as a fly wou'd be in a house if the house were removed. This is all I have to offer at present, by which I hope I may have not only performed the Conditions of my Liberty, but deserve a Philosophers body in the other World.

Consistory, Very well, be it Enacted forthwith, that he supply the first vacancy in the **Athenian Society.**

DIALOGUE XXIII.

Between the Spirit of one that is to be a Member of the ATHENIAN SOCIETY, *a Correſpondent, and of ſome that are to be Queriſts.*

Athenian Member. —HOW *a Member of the Athenian Society!* a privy Counſellor of the Stars? *a Reſolver of all Queſtions!* very well,—— Have at ye *Phiſicks and Metaphiſicks*, Methinks I long to begin the *ſearch*, *Nature* lays open her hidden ſtores, the *vegitable world* courts my Inſpection, the Spirits of *animate Beings* crowd to be treated on, and the *Cœleſtal bodies* ſtoop to my Embraces, as *Luna* did to her *Endymion*. Though other Spirits tremble at the thoughts of Incorporation, 'tis a great part of my happineſs to think on't, and I'am uneaſie in nothing but delays of Commencement. Pray *Gentlemen Spirits*, if ye have any kind reſentment of my expectations, begin and ask me ſome Queſtions, that I may try my faculty.

A Queriſt. ——Very well,—I ſhall be one of your humble Queriſts in the other World, and to ſave us both ſome labour, pray anſwer beforehand, whether the **Longitude at Sea** can be found out ſo as to be made practicable; and alſo the reaſon of the **flux and reflux** of that unquiet Element.

Athe-

Athe. Mem. —— Yes, 'tis possible to find out a **Practicable Longitude**, but I shan't discover the Method *how* till I come into the other World, and am secure of the thousand pounds Legacy, the promis'd reward; so that I shall intreat you, and all other my loving Querists, to let me take my own time for resolving Questions of Interest; but as to the *flux and reflux of the Sea*, I'll impart the discovery; —— Know then that the whole mass of the Creation is **one great vegitable Being**, and that *Water and Air* are to it, as *Sap* is to Trees, or as *blood and serum* are to animate Bodies; and that the **universal Spirit** which is dispers't through every individual Particle of Nature, and more eminently gather'd together in the midst of that *vast frame*, is the **Sun**, which being plac'd in the Centre of the Earth resembles the spirit of man, which is also more particularly seated in the heart; this premis'd, I further add, That the Sun wou'd expire if there were not an Element of Air to oppose and fight with; which I prove thus, *particulars are of the same nature as their Generals*, and a small fire clos'd up so that it can have no Air to oppose it, immediately grows unactive and expires. And thus, when a man ceases to breath, the vital heat or spirit within having nothing to fight with, grows idle, and dyes. To which I shall yet add, as a resolution to the Question, That the strife betwixt the Sun and the Air thins and subtilizes the Sea, and causes the *flux* and swelling of the Tides as a small fire affects the bubling water that is near it; and thus the strife betwixt the vi-

tal heat and the reſpiring Air in bodies, rarifies and ſtirs up the blood to a pulſation, or a *diaſtole and ſyſtole*, agreeable to the *flux and reflux* of the Sea, and as the pulſe is eaſier diſcern'd in the Arms and other extream parts, than in the main bulk of the body; So Tides are moſt remarkable at the ſhores. Thus Life is maintain'd by oppoſition, and thus all *compounded Exiſtences* are preſerv'd by unnatural Wars. One difficulty more is to be reſolv'd, and I've done, ſome Seas have their Tides every two hours, ſome every four, and ſome every ſix, which periods are caus'd by the different humors of the Sea, as ſome are more terrene and heavy than other, ſome more ſalt and ſulphureous, ſome more thin and vaporous, and accordingly their reſpective qualities encreaſe to ſuch and ſuch a degree before they are proper ſubjects for the *Sun and Air* to work upon, which being deſtroy'd by agitation, they are ſo long before they encreaſe to a proper head again; and this alſo runs parallel with the *Criſis, or fits of Fevers in humane bodies*, which alſo differ according to the humours of the body, the cholerick humour increaſes three days, the melancholy four, and ſo of the reſt, before they can come to ſuch a degree or Criſis of the diſtemper, and thus I have conſider'd the reſemblance of the *great* and *little World* by way of anſwer to this Queſtion.——And now propoſe your next.

Queriſt.-- Here's the Correſpondent come from your Incorporate Brethren the *Athenian Society* in the other World, perhaps they may be

be puzled by their Querists, and have therefore desir'd you and the rest of their Successors Assistance.

Correspondent.—— *Your Imbodied Brethren below greet ye well, wishing ye all good organiz'd bodies & patient Querists & intreat a continuance of Correspondence. They have by me sent you six Questions, desiring you wou'd communicate your thoughts upon 'em, and if ye will send to them what difficulties you meet with amongst your Etherial Querists they'll impart their Opinions to you. The following Questions are according to the quality of the several Members.*

Divine.—— Whether the Pope be Antichrist or no?

Mathematician.—— Whether there may be found out a Cannon to measure a Spherical Convoid?

Logician.——— What's the proper difinition of glorify'd matter?

Civilian.—— What reasonable answer we can make when we are ask'd, Why upon Divorces we take penal Security that the Innocent party marrys not again during the Divorceds Life, when the forfeiture and payment of such penal security will not satisfie the Law.

Lawyer.——— Whether *Lazarus*'s Estate belong'd to the next Heir or himself after he rose from the Dead?

Poet.——— Pray assist me with two or three natural Rhimes to **Chimney.**

Merchant.— How to find out a way to give Intelligence in six hours, of Ships at 100 Leagues distance, in order to profitable Ensurances.

Surgeon. —— Whether an *Homunculus* produced upon the Grounds that *Paracelsus* has laid down, wou'd have been animated by *Blood*, or such *white Matter* as Vermin have that are also produc'd by unnatural heat?

Their *Bookseller*, and Mr. *Smith* the *Coffee-Man*, want also to know *whether there be any Cure for the* Athenian Itch.

Member. — Here's nothing that is beyond the power of an immediate perception. Say, all ye *Æthereal Querists*, have you any doubt to send into the other World? —— If ye have, propose 'em to our Correspondent, who is just now going thither.

1 *Querist.* — I m afraid I shall be a Poet direct me *by what measures I may be exempted from the Fate of the old Proverb*; Poets are poor by Destiny.

2 *Querist.*——I have but one to offer.—— How may I attain to an effectual Form of Courtship? —— But pray, let it be answer'd in the very next *Mercury*; for Lovers are impatient.

3 *Querist.* —— I have a very scrupulous Conscience. Pray, is it lawful to eat *Black Puddings?*

4 *Querist* —— I want to know the Reasons why those Questions I sent about six weeks since are not yet answer'd: I think my Questions deserve a Thought as well as any Bodies else.

5 *Querist.*—— When comes out the next Volume?

6 *Querist.* —— What curious Translations are design'd for the next Supplement?

7 Que-

7 *Queriſt.* —— I'm a little aſham'd, or I wou'd ask when I ſhall be Marry'd? Pray, let me be anſwer'd the next *Tueſday*; which being the firſt in the Month, is the Day appointed by the Society for Love-Queſtions, and the Doubts of Ladies.

8 *Querſt.* —— Why many Queſtions are never anſwer'd? *viz. Jacobitiſh, Obſcene, Scandalous' Riddliſh, uſeleſs*, &c? Since every Body wou'd have their own Thoughts preferr'd to their Neighbour's, —— let mine come the next.

9 *Queriſt.* —— Why they paſs over Queſtions of two or three Months ſtanding, and take notice of Popular Subjects, Curious Accidents, and ſuch as can't be paſs'd over without great prejudice to the Queriſt; which looks a little partial. —— I want a ſpeedy Anſwer,

10 *Queriſt.* —— Why the World below is ſo fooliſh as to expect one Paper to pleaſe every Body, ſince the variety of Educations, Conſtitutions, *&c.* create different Judgments, ſo that what pleaſes this Perſon, offends that; and what offends this, pleaſes that; Inſomuch that 'tis a true Riddle, *To pleaſe moſt, is the way to offend moſt; and to offend moſt, is the way to pleaſe moſt?* Let the next *Mercury* treat of this Subject, it being a Matter of Conſequence.

Correſpondent. —— Pray, diſmiſs me; the Society is ſet, and I ſhall loſe a great part of the Conference.

Athenian Member. —— Very well! Remember us to our Embody'd Brethren, and

tell 'em they shall have their Questions an-swer'd, and sent to 'em by their next Sessi-ons, and we hope they will consider of these sent by our *Ætherial Querists*; tell 'em also, that a Continuation of this Correspon-dence is very agreable to us, and shall never be broke off by our neglect.—— One thing more, ——— You must remember to call in at *Venus* as you go along; there's a Female Spirit at a great loss in a certain soft Affair; she wants a Resolution of her Doubts as soon as possible.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

Between the Spirits of a General, a Midwife, *and an* Executioner.

General.——I Can't think my self to be of the same *Species* as other Spi-rits are.——— How?—— the disposal of so many thousand Souls!——— Strange! what a spacious Mannour am I Lord of? What a numerous Crowd of living Tenements are at my Command? Methinks I see my self at the Head of 60000 Men, who act im-plicitly, without questions: If I command, they fight, march, encamp, or what I please. Methinks I see my Enemy drawing near, and it depends on a single Breath, whether Thou-sands

ſands fall or none: What ſignifies a *Diadem*, or *Tyrian Robes*, when the Sword commands them to be laid aſide? *Alexander* was not fear'd as *Philip*'s Succeſſor; but as a General, and a Conqueror. Is there any Spirit that can pretend to ſuch an abſolute Power over its fellow-creatures as a General?

Midwife. —— What Deſpotick Spirit is this that preſumes to huff, and encroach upon my Priviledges? A General! 'Tis *a little noiſie, buſie* Thing, that is ſo far from having an abſolute Diſpoſal of its Fellow-Creatures: as to have its dependance purely from me, Is it not in my power to cruſh the *Wretch*, and bring it ſtrangled into the World? And then where's the Diſpoſer of Crowns, the *ſingle Breath*, that was to determine the Life and Fate of Thouſands? *How ſmall is that Power over others, that is not able to preſerve it ſelf?* Beſides, admit a General to have a diſpenſation for an uncommon entrance into the World; how would he do for proper Subjects of his Power, if he diſown'd his Obligations to me? Where wou'd he have his Attendance, if I ſhou'd deny to aſſiſt him by aiding *humane Productions?*

General —— How, I depend upon a whining Female Midwifry! If the more hardy, and Maſculine Beings obey me, what can the more helpleſs, brittle Clay, call'd *Woman*, do? If 'tis in a Commander's Power to put all to the Sword, by what Artifice can you plead an Immunity? ——

Midwife, —By that of Gratitude; If Male Spirits are not wholly ignorant of ſuch a Vertue;

Vertue; *for 'tis a mean recompence to destroy those by whom we live.* ——— But to pass over that: The first Refusal of any thing is most noble; and then you can't deny but we have our power of disposing of Life and Death before you: Besides, *Life* being more noble than *Death*, we have yet the preference, since we dispose of *that*, and you of *this*.

Executioner. —— What a vain Contest is here about a Preheminence that belongs to neither of you?

Gen. ——— What have we here, another Controller of Fate?

Execut. ——— Yes, very often of the Fate of *Generals* and *Midwives* too.

Gen. ——— Oh that I had but a Body, and this *Insolent Gibbet-Gazer* another; that I might Cane him for his Saucinels.

Execut. —— Not so passionate, *good General.* —— If you know any other *Reason* besides your *Sword*, pray answer me —— whether 'tis not the End of an Action that dignifies it? ——— Or, whether Actions in themselves are either good or ill otherwise than as they receive such denominations from the End which determines them?

Gen. ——— Right; What wou'd you infer from hence, the honour of fixing a Criminal's Ear-knot, or piling up the expiating Fagot?

Execut. ——— No, but that my Office being the Execution of just and prudent Laws, is far more honourable than the murthering Ambition of Generals, or the Midwifry of vicious Humanity. The most just Wars that happen

happen, are never without the injustice of destroying some Persons, that have no other fault but prejudic'd Judgments; and Midwifry is so blind an Action, as to make no difference betwixt the Legitimate and Illegitimate, betwixt Fathers of Countreys and Tyrants; betwixt the Prince and Beggar.—— But in a due Administration of just Laws, there's an immediate distinction betwixt Merit and Demerit, Vertue and Vice: In short, 'tis so absolutely necessary, that neither the Body Politick, nor private Persons can be safe and happy without it; and therefore nobly great, and meritorious, as a Preserver of Nobility amongst other Conditions.

Gen. —— I never decide Disputes any other way than by my Sword; therefore if you persist in these Heresies, prepare to end the Argument by force.——

Execut. —— I never fence, nor resist till I *tie up my Adversary*; if you'll tarry till then, I'm sure I shall convince you.——

Midwife.—— Dispute and quarrel as long as ye please, I shan't yield the preheminence to either of you; —— Besides, 'tis unjust, (*since we are all Proselytes to our own Conclusions,*) to give Judgment decisive upon our own Cases.—— If you think it convenient, we'll refer the Dispute to the Arbitration of the **Athenian Mercury**, who will do us all Justice.

Execut.—— Agreed.

Gen. —— *March then; but, I will lead up the File thither.*

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXV.

Between the Spirits of Two Projectors.

1 *Spirit.* —HOW! *A well fledg'd Cully,* just come to Town, and brought along with him an unbawk'd Fancy, a ſtrong Faith, and a deep Purſe! Very well, —— 'Tis no *common Catch,* — a *handſom plauſible Harangue*; and he's mine; But yonder's one of my Comrades. —— Holo *Brother Projector,* What Proſpect have you of your Diſcoveries in the lower World? Are they like to ſucceed or not? ——— I'm upon the wings of an imaginative Faculty; and am fancying my ſelf in purſuit of the Game.

2 *Sp.* —Firſt let me ſee how I ſhall come off in what I'm now upon.

1 *Sp.* — Why have you not yet effected your Promiſe of recruiting the *exhauſted ſtores of Nature* about Thunder and Lightning?

2 *Sp.* —What do you mean?

1 *Sp.* —When Nature was commanded to muſter up all her *Sulphury Stores*, and Vengeance call'd for their diſpoſal on the Cities of *Sodom and Gomorah*, 'twas you (if I miſtake not) that offer'd to raiſe a new Supply without a *Bankrupcy* of any of the *four Elements.*

2 *Sp.*——That I have done long ſince; but the great buſineſs in hand is ——

1 *Sp.* —— Is what? I'll warrant you 'tis ſome Intriegue that you are for managing when you come into the Body: Come we'll ſuppoſe our ſelves already there; —— What wou'd you be at?

2 *Sp.*——Twenty Thouſand Pounds at leaſt, and a Name to out live Monuments.—— The Notion's freſh and coming; and methinks I ſee *a Coach and Six* a little behind it, attending me as a ſmall Teſtimony of ſuch a uſeful Diſcovery.

1 *Sp.*——Then you'll forget me; Attendance and Ceremonies will prejudice your Eyes from looking upon your old Friends: In ſhort, you'll be moulded into a new Nature.

2 *Sp.*——Well, ſince you will be fancying Incorporation, methinks I hear your Queſtion urg'd in the Body, and my ſelf making Excuſes, and coming over you for a *handſom Treat*, on purpoſe to ſeek an opportunity of telling you how laſting my Friendſhip wou'd be.——Methinks I alſo ſee you vex *that you were prevented in the Queſtion*, and my ſelf asking, *What is become of all the auxiliary Magazines ſent in by your credulous Diſciples?*

1 *Sp.* —— Your Fancy's pretty near the Truth; but I cou'd tell you that you'll be at a ſtrange loſs without an Apprentiſhip of ſeven years held in the *Subterranean Conclave*, o'th' Southern ſide of the T——le.

2 *Sp.*—— Why, what's to be learn'd there, more than *Decoy or Wheedling in a Yo——re* Squire *or two?*

1 *Sp.*

1 *Sp.* —— To come off handſomly after all, and manage the Concern ſo wiſely, as never to fail bringing the *uſeful Diſcovery* to perfection; but for want of Two or Three Hundred Pounds more, which will oblige the *Engagers* either to reſign their firſt Intereſt, rather than come in deeper, or force 'em to the laſt ſhift of paying their Footing, (which is, Breaking,) and commencing Projector themſelves; which, in my Opinion, is a very fine Trade amongſt ſoft Heirs, credulous Bankers; nay, amongſt all that are *Babes in Worldly Philoſophy.* —— But to wave the Thoughts of the *Body*, and return to our firſt Subject. —— You have ſupply'd the exhauſted Stores of Thunder and Lightning, *&c.* Pray which way are your labouring Thoughts employ'd now? And what farther Diſcovery have you to communicate to the Univerſe?

2 *Sp.* —— 'Tis a weakneſs to deſign before *Projectors*; and the ſureſt way that can be found out to be ſupplanted; therefore I deſire to be excus'd, farther than to tell you in general Terms: *I am offering Propoſals to the Regiſter of Fate, for a regulation of the* Solſtices: I know no Reaſon the *Sun* ſhou'd not be call'd to an Account for being idle twice a Year, when the Inconveniences of his loytring are ſo deſtructive to the whole Frame of Nature, by burning up its *radical Moiſture* on one ſide, and ſuffering the other ſide to lie impriſon'd in the *Chains of Froſt and Darkneſs*, without the leaſt demerit.

1 *Sp.*

1 *Sp.* —— Indeed this has not yet been consider'd; but won't it disoblige the Computation of the *Astrologick Souls*?

2 *Sp.* —— Particular Interests must not come in competition with a general Good: ——But admit such a small inconvenience; I can quickly redress that.

1 *Sp.* —— Nay, then you'l encroach upon my *Studies*; for I have been drawing a Scheme of the *Regulation of Time* &c. for which I expect no small Recompence.

2 *Sp.* ——Pray where does your Calculation begin?

1 *Sp.* ——From the very Minute that the Deluge began; which, as I take it, was about Seven a Clock i'th' Morning, from the Creation of Souls 2193 Years, 6 days 3 h. Minutes.

2 *Sp.* —— You pretend to great Exactness.

1 *Sp.* ——'Tis necessary; or I had chang'd Winter for Summer before now.

2 *Sp.* —— Well, and have you any thing else to promote?

1 *Sp.* —— Nothing at present, but to secure my self from being pump'd out of my Project, till I am certain of my Reward.

2 *Sp.* Farewel then.

1 *Sp.* —— If you had not been in haste, I cou'd have told you how *Noah*'s Compass and *Sea-Card* were the very first Enterprize I brought to perfection: But more of this the next Meeting.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXVI.

Between Two Travelling Spirits.

1 *Spirit*— WELL met Brother; how far this way?

2 *Spirit.* —— Into the *Sphere* of *Saturn*; I have only that part of the *Universe* to be acquainted with; and at my return home, I shall have a *compleat Journal*, with some Remarks, not a little curious and diverting.

2. *Sp.* —— I am just come from thence, and am willing to give you a particular Relation of every thing there? But pray what are the most curious Remarks you have met with in this long Ramble.

2 *Sp.*—— In the Region of the Moon I found some surprizing Novelties; particularly, the manner of that Planet's Motion. —— The Moon is generally believ'd to perform its Circuition by a Principle of Self-Motion, which Nature at first communicated to it; but 'tis an Errour; for the *Moon* is a *Lifeless inanimate Mass*, and can no more move of it self than a Pewter-Dish can; nor is it (as some have concluded) bowl'd along by *Spirits* amongst the rest of the Stars; for then a swinging Gigantick Spirit wou'd sometimes throw it out of its due Cariere, and make it rub, or fall foul upon some of the other Planets. No no, such Caprices in Nature are not to be met with.—— 'Tis continually carry'd

carry'd along by half a dozen Spirits in a large Lanthorn, half of it transparent, and the other half dark, and these half dozen Spirits are reliev'd by another half dozen, once in four and twenty hours: The reason of its seeming *Increase and Decrease*, is nothing else but the turning of the darker or brighter side of its Lanthorn more or less *directly* or *obliquely* towards the *Globe of the Earth*. I can also assure you, that there's not one Star in the Heavens that moves of it self; but what are carry'd along by Spirits (plain Spirits, not Intelligences, as some Philosophers dream; for there's no such Beings.) There are many strange Opinions amongst Mankind about the Motion of the *Heavenly Orbs*: A Spirit that left its Body in a Dream, just when I came into the world of the *Moon*, gave us some merry Tenets about it; as, that the Elements were divided into Spheres, like the *Films of an Onion*, and that such and such Stars mov'd in such and such *Films*. Some again held, That Stars were put upon Strings like Beads, and push'd on by Legions of *Spirits*. Some wou'd have 'em half under and half over their *Films*, and Chanels cut for 'em to roul along: Some believe that the *Film* is transparent, and that Stars are bowl'd along up em: Some, that they hang under their *Films*, and that there's a kind of a mucous Matter, which makes 'em stick like Flies with the feet upwards to a Cieling: but some believe there's no such things as *Spheres*, *Films*, or *Divisions* of Elements; but that they hang in the Air upon their own Centre, whirling about like Boys

Tops at *Shrovetide*. Thus far the humane Spirit discover'd the wild Opinions of his Brethren.

1 *Sp.* —— This is pleasant indeed; but I believe I light on some Passages as remarkable. You know that every Globe has its *particular Æther*, which moves along with it; and that there are *indefinite Spaces*, *Vacuums*, or *Interstitiums* betwixt the *Planets*, if not, the vertiginous motion of one *Æther* would justle with another. You are also satisfy'd, that the Globes of *Mercury* and *Luna*, have either of 'em a Republick of Philosophical Souls, that left their Bodies, and yet retain their old Notions. ——— It was my chance to travel that way when there was a publick Dispute betwixt some late deceased *Cartesians*, and some *Peripateticks*; every Soul was arm'd *Cap-a-pe* with *Dilemmaes*, *Propositions*, *Objections*, &c. But the Dispute about Motion and innate *Idea's*, was manag'd so warmly, that they forgot their Footing, which was upon the extremity of the *Vortex*, and down they came fluttering into the *indefinite Space* or *Vacuum* I was telling you of.——— Very well (says a *Peripatetick Soul*,) *this Fall is no Motion*, because there's no *Continuity of Matter* to measure by; and therefore I defie you all to prove a possibility of getting out again. A *Cartesian Soul* fell a laughing at such a Challenge, and told him, he ought to get a new Body, and make Experiments, and afterwards consider the Theory.——— No, says the *Peripatetick*; it can't be done; and therefore I'll not offer to budge till I see

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a Demonſtration of a poſſibility, in *Mood and Figure*. And as they were examining, a certain *Minor* which was propos'd, comes a Comet, and with a Bruſh of its Tail ſcowr'd the *Vacuum*, and daſh'd the Diſputants upon the *Vortex* again.

2 *Sp.* —— And what became o'th' Cauſe then?

1 *Sp.* —— It was put by till another Conference, by reaſon of a black deformed Spirit that had had the Misfortune to leave its Body for a worſe Place, which came roaring and howling into the midſt of the *Carteſian Souls*, crying out, Where's the Spirit of *Des-Cartes*, that pretended to prove a Deity by Innate *Ideas*, when he ſhou'd have prov'd ſuch *Idea* to be the *Idea* of a real Being; 'twas the weakneſs of this Argument that damn'd me: Beſides, I'm continually chous'd and hunted about by a company of ſnearing Devils, that ſtigmatize me with the ſcandalous Character of a *Carteſian Spirit*; pointing at me with their *ſooty Paws*, as I paſs along; Do ye ſee (ſays one) yonder Inhabitant of the *Carteſian World*: See (ſays another) the Artiſt that preaches of a ſubtle Matter which forms the Liquidity of Bodies. Pray (ſays a Third) will you go ask your *Maſter* what he means by the Sun's *forming a great Vertex of fluid Matter for the Stars to ſwim in*? And whether the Sun is both Agent and Patient in ſuch a Formation? If not, of what pre-exiſtent Matter he forms this *fluid Matter*? Or, whether he pretends to an immediate Creation of it out of nothing? with a thou-

ſand more ſuch puzzling Queſtions, which doubles my damnation, to ſolve 'em.——— Now Mr. *Des Cartes*, if you can keep up your Credit, and mollifie my Plagues, do it quickly: —— Don't trouble me yet, reply'd the **Philoſophical Spirit**, leſt you ſpoil a new Notion that I left unfiniſhed upon my Death-bed. O (ſays the *Black Diſciple*) that my Maſter ſhou'd ſtudy to damn People when they are dead! I'll warrant you, 'tis to find out the reaſon why *Mercury* is ſometimes nearer the *Earth* than the *Sun*: But pray, by the way, what's the Uſe of this, and a thouſand more ſuch *Phænomena's*, if Vertue be the proper Task of the Intellect, & if the buſineſs of a wiſe Man be not Talking, but living? Thus the poor Spirit troop'd off again without his Errand, railing his inviſible Chains, and calling Philoſophy **Beelzebubiſm.**

1 *Sp.*—— This was a very ſtrange Paſſage indeed, and puts me in mind of half a dozen Philoſophical Spirits, which were huddled together, and ty'd Muzzle to Muzzle in the *Baſtile of Mercury*, for pretending to find out a way to appear viſible to Mortals, without the aſſumption of Aerial Bodies, or any other Vehicle; as I paſs'd by 'em, there was one that had his Notion too ſetled to remove it by ſuch a Treatment.——— Courage (ſaid he) Comrades; I'll procure a ſpeedy Manumiſſion from this Cage, by appearing in this poſture to the Inhabitants of every Globe, and making 'em ſend Ambaſſadors to our Judges about us. —— Say you ſo (ſays one of 'em) I pray make a Demonſtration to

us

us first how it may be done. Thus; (reply'd the other) The Representation of Things is not always confin'd to the ordinary Method of assuming the similitude of the thing seen into the Eye, which necessarily supposes a Subject to be assumed; but the vivive power may exercise *Ideas* and *Similitudes* of things that are not, by indisposition or illusion. Thus by beating up the interior Organs, and acting briskly upon the Fancy, I can make the Patient to believe a resemblance of what I please, or I can deceive the *Eye*, by indisposing it, through the annoyance of internal Fumes, Vapours, *&c.* —— Thus have I made Experiments on Persons, who, whilst they have been lying in Bed, wou'd look upon the Windows, and see *Curious Globes, and Figures of all shapes and colours*, which wou'd move before the Eye, if the Eye follows 'em, or wou'd pursue the motion of the Eye, if it drew from 'em. I might add the possibility of accomplishing my end by false Refractions of Light, Interpositions of Bodies, *&c.* But I'll let that alone till I come into a Body; when I'll take some pains to undeceive the World below about Apparitions of ill Spirits, which are as commonly form'd in the Eye, as inclos'd in Aery Vehicles. Hold, not a word more of their Customs (reply'd the other) lest we shou'd be over-heard, and so receive double Punishment for Correspondence with Apostates — Thus the poor muzzled wretches were confin'd for some time; but at their Trial, they, upon urging some such Arguments as I have now offer'd, convinc'd their

Judges, and were again set at Liberty.

2. *Sp.* ——— I remember I was there at the same time, and there came in a Messenger *Post-haste*, saying, There are just now arriv'd a great number of *Separate Souls* upon the *Confines of the Moon*, that pretend to bring in *Remonstrances* against the *whole Philosophical Academy of Souls*; at which, the Spirit of Aristotle, who was always good at *Subterfuges* and *By-holes*, complain'd of Indisposition, and that he wanted to converse with the Spirit of *Galen*; but he was no sooner clear of the Crowd, but he mounts up through the *Cælum Empyreum*, and gets out of the Wicket into that *vast indefinite Space*, to be free'd from the importunate clamour of his thousand thousand Disciples fluttering about him. I cou'd not forbear following him, to see the humour on't; and amongst other things, I overheard him crying out, *Oh that I had been* Alexander's *Horse*, instead of *he* being my *Pupil*; then I had liv'd quietly *in History, and had been only* Curvetting, Pawing, or Neighing *in the Fancy of the Learned: But now (Wretch that I am) I've div'd so deep, that I have not only lost my self, but am also accessary to the* Destruction *of my* Proselytes. *Methinks I see my self catching at Impossibilities, and instead of 'em, grasp some strange bewitching Dream, that has either Blasphemy against the Gods in't, or is a sacrilegious Story of their Secrets, belying what I cou'd not discover. Methinks I also see that inquisitive Race of Mankind listning to partake of the* forbidden Notions, *and rather than fail, they turn over my Works so oft till they find something*

thing in 'em, that I my ſelf never thought of, nor deſign'd. Hereupon, they begin to explain **Incomprehenſibles**, *till they are ſerv'd by ſucceeding Ages as they ſerv'd me; but the whole Blame and Puniſhment retorts upon me, becauſe I ſet 'em firſt at work. Oh that I had deſin'd* **Vertue** to have been Vertue; *and* **Vice** to have been Vice; *I'd ſcap'd the ſcowring of ſo many duplicated Damnations, and might have walk'd quietly in the Battlements of the* Moon, *without Noiſe and Diſturbance.*

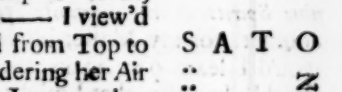
But as I was intent upon the Philoſopher's Expoſtulations, I ſaw at a diſtance three Millions of *ſeparated Spirits*, all *Females*; they had been ridicul'd, and chas'd out of all the Globes for their awkward **Dreſſes**, and brought along with 'em the Faſhons of Two and Fifty Languages into the *Indefinite Space* above the Heavens. Some had got *Ruffs* about their Necks as big as Cart-wheels; ſome *Head Dreſſes* as large as the Tail of a *Comet*; ſome were in one Dreſs, and ſome in another; a few were rubbing and ſcowring the outſide of Heaven, to make it tranſparent, that they might ſee to dreſs their whole Body by it; ſome were doing, ſome were uning; ſome were pleas'd, ſome in a Paſſion: ſome lik'd their own Mode the beſt, and ſome prefer'd that of another; and ſome were quarrelling with every particular Dreſs, and made up a *Jargon of all Dreſſes* together: But to ſee the different Figures, Poſtures, Courtſies, Complements, and Tittle tattle amongſt 'em, made me believe that they were ſome Generation of Spirits which I had never

heard of: Whereupon, I apply'd my self to the *Ariſtotelian Soul* I told you of, to deſire his *Opinion*; who told me, he had done *Opinioning*; but if I wou'd ask the Spirit behind me, I might be inform'd: Upon which, I turn'd me round, & ſaw a *Thing* all hung with Clouds and Vapours, in an Aery Humane Shape, wringing his Hands, and ſighing at a wretched Rate; as I made up to him, I cou'd hear him ſay, ——— *Poor* Heraclitus, *Whither now! Haſt thou ſearched the whole Univerſe, and every particular Globe of the Creation, to retire from new Objects of thy* Over-pity, *and all this, to find the greateſt behind in this* Indefinite Space? *Alas, now I am deſperate in my Search, and will give o'er, ſince* Female Spirits *are ſo wedded to Impertinencies, as not to leave 'em when dead.* — Upon the mention of the Word *Female Spirits*, I troop'd off with all the ſpeed imaginable, for fear of being caught up for a Foot-Boy. Spirit, by one Madam C — in *Exchange-Alley*; who I well knew was as proud of a Livery-Boy, as *Paint* and *Fucus*: I had no ſooner got within the heavenly Wicket again, but I ſtumbled upon a Diſputation that was held upon the Verge of *Saturn*. But I came a little too late, and cou'd only hear the latter part of the Conference; which by Plurality of Voices, *fix'd a Liberty of Conſcience*, and that the Spirits of *Jews*, *Pagans*, and *Chriſtians*, ſhould all be free to believe themſelves *Children of Philoſophy*, *and of the Number of the Elect*. I paſs'd on from thence without taking any Leave; (for there are no Spirits among the Stars, that uſe Ceremonies,

remonies, but *European Female Spirits*, and they were most of them chas'd out of the *Universe*, as I noted before; and coming near, the Globe of *Jupiter*, there was a great Concourse of Spirits about a Chalenge between a Heathen and Christian *Philosophick Soul*, concerning the *Burning up of the World*: Here might Humanity if they'd had *Eyes and Prospective Glasses strong enough*, have seen their old *Maxime* confuted, which says, *There's no penetration of Bodies*; for here were at least ten Millons of Spirits got together all into one Body to hear the Dispute; but there was such a fluttering Hubbub, that the Orators were fain to leave off a while, to see if the Noise would cease; tho' in vain, for every little Auditor wou'd pretend to dictate, and give his Opinion: I cou'd hear one something louder than the rest, crying out, —— Alas, alas, if the World is to be burnt up, and all the Stars consum'd, what shall I do for a Lodging; I shall ne'er away with the Converse of *Feminine Spirits in the indefinite Space*: Oh, says another, for my Master *Aristotle*, how gladly wou'd I learn o'er again the Lesson of the World's Eternity, that I might be able to confute this Litigious Spirit, that pleads for an untenanting of the Stars. Another was for Bantering; and said, the Universe wou'd make a prodigal Burnt-Offering. Thus one cries out one thing, and another another; so that the whole Assembly began to vote it penal to name such a Topick; and that there shou'd be no more such Challenges for fear of a Tumult. You know I was always a mor-

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tal hater of Tumults and Quarrels; so that being in haste to get away, I made but one flight to the World in *Venus*; where I light upon a very high Mountain; but I had not tarry'd long there, but the Mountain was surrounded with Myriads of *Female Spirits*, Arm'd *Cap a-pe* with immaterial Javelins, Bows, Darts, and Colours of War; and one amongst the rest, comes up to me, giving me to understand in short, that I must either quit that Globe, or prepare to encounter all the Inhabitants; which were mostly *Amazonians* and *Stoicesses*, and had a Charter from the Secretary of *Fate*, to make that Globe their *Retreat*, to secure 'em from the Insolencies of *Male Spirits*; and also, that they had the Privilege to chastise all intruding *Male Spirits* as they pleas'd, by a *Court Martial*; and therefore, believing me to be a Traveller, and a Stranger to their Customs, were so courteous, as to give me time and opportunity to dispose of my self as I pleas'd.—— I view'd the soft Herald from Top to Toe, and considering her Air and Features, I remember that in my last Search in the Registry of *Fate*, I had seen her Character, with this Signature over against it.



I had no need to ask Questions upon this Reflexion, knowing the *Riddle* would be resolv'd in another Globe, *Anno Dom.* 1691. and so without any acknowledgment of the Obligation, or other complement, than in thought, I stood off again; and in about two Seconds

of a Minute, got to the *Boundaries of the World in* Mars: There I was up to the Ears at first dash, amongst *Male-Spirits*; (forgive the Expression, I'm to be embody'd shortly,) and found 'em generally calling Councels of War, which put me upon the Curiosity of enquiring what Religion they were of; and I was inform'd they were mostly *Christian Spirits*: and upon asking what their General was? I presently concluded, *Nothing at all.* —— A strange kind of Expression, *Brother*, is not it? But 'tis not strange, when I add, That it was farther told me, they were to fight against, and destroy one another, for such mean Interests, as (when examin'd,) are not worth the exercising any Passion but **Hate**. Indeed this amaz'd me above whatever I met with in all my Rambles, altho' the next Encounter was not altogether unworthy my Reflexions. —— 'Twas thus:

A little farther was a *Nunnery of Spirits*, wherein a certain Fault had been committed; but I dare not say what, for fear of prosecution the next time I travel that way, since the Law was satisfy'd, in giving up the *Criminal* to the **Mob of Spirits**; which handled her severely enough; and afterwards away they hurry'd her to a certain *Meeting of Dissenting Spirits*; and having pull'd the *Non-resisting Preacher* off his *Pedestal*, (for they use neither Chairs nor Pulpits in that Globe,) one of the *Ring-leaders* mounts, and begins as follows:

Liberty, Boys, Liberty; away with these dull Canting Spirits, who, under pretence of being good,

good, only meet to plot againſt our Freedom: Why do they tell us of hard Names and thinking, *and not preach up* Liberty, *or ſomething elſe that's* new? *For my part, I'm for* Toleration of nothing but what ſuits my Humour. *No matter who's uppermoſt, or what the* laſt *or* next *Council decrees; 'tis all one to* Mob; *and whoever is of my Opinion,* let him hold up the dirty end of his Wand, and cry Cluck.— Hereupon, they all cluck'd ſo loud that the Spirits which carry'd *that Globe,* ran away from their Commiſſion, and down it fell betwixt *Mercury* and the *Sun,* and ſpoil'd the *Ptolomaick Syſteme* of the Heavens; for my part, I got out of it as ſoon as I cou'd, and left the *Rabble,* who were going to pull a *Pedant* out of his School, for Tyrannizing over one of their Brethren.

I was no ſooner got ſafe out of the *Whirligigg-Planet,* but I met with *Charles's wain,* laden with twenty *dozen of Souls,* bundled up cloſe, and laid neatly upon *Pillows of Snow*; as I came near, to ask the meaning, up ſtarts one of them, and call'd me *Impertinent and Saucy,* for not making my *Honours* before I ask'd Queſtions; whereupon, I made a very *humble Grin,* and call'd 'em *worſhipful Dons*; thinking 'em to be *Spaniſh Souls*; upon which, one of 'em condeſcended to tell me, in anſwer to my firſt Queſtion, That they were *Gentlemen Souls,* and ſcorning the Drudgery of walking into their Bodies, were accommodated with that *Heavenly Calaſh* to ride in, cautioning me for the future to be more exact in my Diſtinctions, and to *obſerve a due*

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Deference to the Honourable. It growing late, I ſtep'd into the *next Star*; where the Inhabitants were very ſmall, yet very courteous, and entertain'd me handſomely that night. The next Morning I ſet out upon my *Ramble* again, and met the *Caravan*, (alias *Charles's wain*,) the ſecond time, laden with a new *Shoal of Spirits*, and bound for the other *world*; at which I began to make my *Honours* (as precaution'd) but was laugh'd at by the Waggoner, who told me, they were a Company of *Pick-Pocket, High-way, and Clipping Spirits*, (that is deſign'd for Bodies of ſuch Profeſſions) and foreknowing the unkind Treatment they were to meet with in the other World, wou'd not go into their Bodies; but were forc'd to be carry'd. I was a little vex'd at the Miſtake; but you know (*Brother*) that Travellers muſt comply with Cuſtoms, and put up *Indignities* on all hands.

1 *Sp.*— 'Tis very right; and without ſuch compliance, 'tis better to tarry in ones own native Star, where there's freedom both to ſpeak and act, without conſtraint.—— But amongſt all your Rambles, did you never make a Viſit to the Globe of the *Earth?*

2 *Sp.*—— Don't mention that *Place*, if you have any reſpect to my Eaſe; for as it is the very Setling and Dreg of the Creation, ſo have its Inhabitants proportionable Qualifications.

1 *Sp.*——Pray pardon my Inquiſitiveneſs, and give me one Inſtance; I know not by what Fatality it comes about; but a *new Theory of Pain* is as bewitching to me, as a *ſmall Practick in Pleaſure.*

2 *Sp.*

2 *Sp.*——Is it so? Why then Imagine your self amongst a numerous Crowd of Mortals; every one a *Bastile* (or *Vatican* to your old dear Acquaintance; Suppose you saw your Relations looking out of Mortal Eyes, (as the Grates of Prisons;) and now and then stealing a Glance at the *Skies*, the place of their old habitation: Suppose you also hear one calling out to you, Pray pay me a Visit at night, when the Body has little need of my Attendance, that I may give you an Account what an ambitious, restless Lump it is that I animate: Pray (says another) come see me when my Body's asleep, that I may have some vent to my Sorrows, by telling you the vast difference betwixt a Body'd and an unbody'd Spirit. No, (says a Third,) but if you'l come and see me, I'll preach the Doctrine of Humanity to you; possibly it may have such an effect upon you, as you may escape the first Damnation for three or four hundred Years longer. Suppose you hear five Thousand more beginning to make their Complaints, and the Body, like a Tip-staff, or Serjeant, hurrying 'em away into new experiments of Horror, before they can tell their Story out.

1 *Sp.*—— Hold, pray no more;—— I've enough of Humanity: Let's be gone; if your way lies towards the World in *Saturn*, I'll bear you Company,

2 *Sp.*——I'm oblig'd to you: March then.

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DIALOGUE XXVII.

Between the Spirit that is to be laſt imbody'd, and the Spirit that is to be firſt re-united to the Body at the Day of Judgment.

1 *Spirit.*—HOld, hold, *Brother*, don't leave me yet: —— Alas, he's gone, and with him all the whole Society of Spiris! What have I to converſe with now but inanimate Globes, aud ſenſeleſs Conſtellations? What ſignifies it that I am *Lord of all*, when I have no Subjects to reign over; no agreeable Mate (I mean, of the ſame *Species*,) to accompany me? Unkind Fate, to imbody all the *Thouſand Thouſands of my Brethren*, and to leave me to wander up and down the Univerſe by my ſelf! —— The World is to me a ſort of *Priſon*, not by *Diminution*, but by *Deprivation*; for a *Priſon* is not properly call'd a Priſon, for being ſo *great*, *or ſo little*; but being a *Confinement from ſuch and ſuch Enjoyments.* —— Oh that I cou'd ceaſe to be, or tranſmigrate into any other *Claſſis of Creatures*! For what ſtate is more unhappy than that which *gives a power of enjoying Good, and denies a Subject to exerciſe his power upon*? —— But ſtay, why do I repine? Some Spirit muſt neceſſarily have been the laſt;

last; and tho' it is I, yet it cannot be long but my Turn will quickly come.

2 *Sp.* Nine hundred ninety nine Millions of Millions, ——Let me see again; possibly my *Calculation* may be false.—Suppose once more, that every Man (computing one Man with another,) is compos'd of a handful of *pure Earth*, all the Particles of the other Elements being separated from it, then it follows, that just so many Handfuls of Earth as the Globe contains in it, may be made into Men; but no more, unless the *God of Nature* will make more *Earthly Globes*; for when every Man rises at the Day of Judgment, and assumes his own particular handful of Earth, if there shou'd be more *Men* than *Earth*,—— Ha,—— Some Souls must go without Bodies; which is very absurd.—— Nor is it very reasonable, that the Earth shou'd not every Bit of it be made into Men, that when they come to take every one their own, there may be no Earth left; and then 'tis an easie thing for the *last Fire* to consume the other Elements. No,——that won't do neither;—— for I'd forgot that Man is made of all the Elements; and therefore when all the Earth is spent in making Men, the Elements must be spent likewise, that is, the whole *Earth*, *Air*, *Fire* and *Water*, will (when every one takes their own,) be equally divided, and march up and down an Eternal Indefinite Space, or *Vacuum*, *in living Glorify'd Humanity*. —— Very well,——now I have it; There were at first 9999999999 Spirits, and there's just so many handful of Dust

Dust in the Earth. Now if I cou'd tell how many Spirits are yet unbody'd, 'tis but subtracting the Remainder from the first Number, and the difference is the Handfuls of Earth that are yet to be made into Men; and when I know this, I shall know how long it will be before I shall be *re-united* again to my *Body*, which I was separated from about 3000 *Years since*.—— Methinks I long to renew the *old Acquaintance*.

1 *Sp.*—— What *Mathematical Soul* is this that's computing the *Day of Judgment*? It has always been too deep a Secret for Humanity to pry into.

2 *Sp.*—— I have laid by that dull heavy Lump a great while since.

1 *Sp.*—— But 'tis said, that Angels themselves are ignorant of that Day.

2 *Sp.*——Yes, they were so at that time, when such Words were spoken, because they knew not how fast Spirits wou'd be unbodied, or how the Age of Man might *shorten*; nor consequently how long it wou'd be before the World was made into Men; but if you can give me an Account how many Spirits are yet unbody'd, I will tell you just now how long it is till the *Day of Judgment*.

1 *Sp.*—— None of 'em but my self.

2 *Sp.*—— How! are all the 999999999 Souls (which were made upon the same day that the Angels were) sent into Bodies, except you?

1 *Sp.*——Yes, all but my self; I've just now parted with my last Companion.

2 *Sp.* If so, the date of your pre-existence is just at an end; perhaps within this quarter of a Minute; for there's always some young Body or other gaping for a Soul to actuate it.

1 *Sp.*——I shall be very glad of it; for 'tis afflicting to be the only remaining Creature of one *Species*.

2 *Sp.*——'Tis so. But——

1 *Sp.*——Farewel; I am call'd away too, and with me the whole Race of unbodied Souls lose their Name, and change their very Nature.

2 *Sp.*——Is he gone?——I knew it cou'd not be long that he had to tarry,——Let me see;——No,——That won't do;——That's right; upon a modest computation, the World must expire within these 70 Years; for it's great odds this last unbodied Soul will be separated again before that *Period*: Besides, there must be some left alive, which will undergo the same change without dying, as the Body and Soul will do at their *Re-union*; therefore perhaps within these 70 all will be over.——Now methinks I see that little share of Dust that belongs to me, receive its first Impression, and beckon to me to renew our old Acquaintance and Union; Methinks I see my self as eager in my Embraces of my old Comrade, and as busie in exercising my Offices of *Perception*, &c. as ever. But I'm at a loss as to the manner how, because of the inexpressible Change that my *Organs* must undergo. But I'll let that Thought alone, since I'm satisfy'd, Experience

perience will teach me, that and every thing else within a very small Revolution of Time.

DIALOGUE XXIX.

Betwixt Two Spirits; one that pretends to deny Pre-existence, *and the other to prove it.*

1 *Spirit.*—WHat am I? Whence is my Original? And to what end am I design'd?

2 *Sp.*—You are a pre-existent Spirit, made upon the —— Day of the Creation; *Your Original is Nothingness, as to the Subject; but as to the Cause, it is the Eternal Mind.*; who, when he sees fitting, will provide you a Body to act in.

1 *Sp.*—— What do you mean? For my part, I believe you and I are both of us just now created; but if you are pre-existent, and it now is 5000 Years and more since the beginning of your Existence, pray answer me, *How many Sons* Adam *had*; *what part of the Year the World was made in*; but don't answer after the old Evasion, *viz. at all times of the Year*; but *in what Sign the Sun was first placed?*

2 *Sp.*—— I have forgot now, 'tis so long since.

1 *Sp.*

1 *Sp.* —— I thought Reminiſcence had been co-eſſential with, or a part of the Nature of Spirits; for according to the beſt Definitions, the Soul is a *Cogitative Faculty*. Now if Thinking, Diſpoſing, Meditating, Examining, Compounding, Dividing, Apprehending, Joyning the Subject and the Attribute, Affirming, Denying, Suſpending, &c. be the Function and Natural Acts of the Soul, it is neceſſary that Memory be an eſſential Attribute of it; for how is it poſſible to compare two things together, unleſs we remember the Firſt after we have examin'd the Second; for to think of two Things at once, is impoſſible, and it is ſo granted by all that make a due diſtinction between a Finite and an Infinite Being; being what comes neareſt this Act, is the quick diſtinction of Letters in Reading, or the ſwift, yet regular Motion of the Fingers in Muſick. Now ſince Reminiſcence is co-eſſential with Souls, an Argument may be drawn from hence to prove you *degenerate*, if not a *Non Exiſtent*.

2 *Sp.* —— That I have a Being I'm certain, and this Converſe with you, demonſtrates it.

1 *Sp.* —— Come, I'll grant you for once, that you are pre-exiſtent, if you'll grant me, that my Body which I'm juſt now going into, is alſo pre-exiſtent, and was created before *Adam* had a Being; but I'll ask for no Conceſſions, which I'll not firſt deſerve by demonſtration: —— For I may prove my Body contemporary with *Adam*'s altho' not viſible till above 5000 Years after he was created.

2 *Sp.*

2 *Sp.* ——Pray how can that be?

1 *Sp.* ——When Matter was created, 'twas a great Store-house of all other Beings that were to be created from it, all which lay confusedly sleeping in their *Chaos*; but of this *Lump* was *Adam* created; and if so, he himself was potentially in it before he had a specifick Being. After his Creation, he was maintain'd from the productions of Earth and Water, by a destruction of, or more properly, through a conversion of their Natures into his. Hence *Adam*'s Children were only a Transmutation of other material Bodies, or the Effect of Meat and Drink in new *Figures*, which lay once in such and such Creatures, and before that in the material *Chaos* we first spoke of. Now since the Mechanism of Nature is order'd that it cannot be destroy'd (unless by its Author,) but only transmuted or chang'd into other Matter; as a Fire that burns, part of it goes to Ashes, part into Soot, part into Air, but yet is always somewhere, or in some thing; so that all the visible Changes we see, are nothing else but a conversion of one Element into another backwards and forwards, according to the adaptness and modifications of Agents and Patients; This consider'd, it will plainly appear, that that Body which I am just now going into, was the last year part of it growing in such a Crop of Corn, part of it in such an Apple-tree, part of it in such a River, part of it in such an Ox, Sheep, Fowl, *&c.* and only by a proper Revolution of Particles under different *Species*, so adaptly disposited,

that

that Nature found the Compoſition to fit one new diſtinct *Species* by it ſelf; and according to its Commiſſion, or firſt Settled Chain of Cauſes produc'd a humane Body, fit for the Actuation and Conjunction of a Spirit. Hence 'tis manifeſt my Body was as ſoon in the Boſom of its Cauſes as *Adam*'s, and the laſt Body that ſhall be created, as ſoon as mine. Nay, to go farther, ſince from Eternity the great *Creator* did deſign to make a World, from which my Body was to be produced, I might ſay, that my Body was from all Eternity *deſignedly* and *potentially*, tho' *actually* in time,; which is the utmoſt that can be ſaid of the Pre exiſtence of Spirits. And I defie every Spirit in the Univerſe, to prove the leaſt difference in Time betwixt the actual Commencement of the Exiſtence of its Body, and its ſelf, or that the Potentiality of both is not equal, to wit, eternal.

1 *Sp.* This Argument wou'd hold, if it cou'd be prov'd, *That the Soul is not ſo clogg'd and incapacitated in its Act of Reminiſcence by coming into the Body, but that it might eaſily recollect what has happen'd in its pre exiſtent ſtate*, For we have innumerable Inſtances of the Soul's being more incapacitated in its Functions one time than another, in the ſame Body, and this by Fits, Diſtractions, Diſeaſes, *&c.* Which to me appears demonſtrative, that if the Indiſpoſitions of the Body, which are only accidental, hinder a regular operation of the Soul; much more may the Body it ſelf, when firſt ty'd to, and made coeſſential with it.

2 *Sp.*

2 *Sp.* We'll grant, much depends on the Body, as to the Mode of Perception and action, but not so very much as is suppos'd; To mention that leisure time of Dreams; When perhaps the Body and Soul have the least actual dependance one of another, we shall find the habit of Reminiscence fresh at awaking again; but to shew for once, that the Soul does not forget what it acts when separate from the Body, by reason of the Body's indisposition. Consider the Cases of Trances, Examinations of Witches, *&c.* what think ye of a Soul that has rambled out of the Body for two or three days together, and when it has return'd, and the Body reviv'd, it has told of infallible Truths some hundred Miles distance, where it self actually was: This we have hundreds of creditable Instances to prove? which consider'd, does fully (from the first presuppos'd consequence of Reminiscence,) destroy the Doctrine of *Pre-existence.*

1 *Sp.*—— Well, I shall consider of it as soon as I have any leisure; in the mean time Farewel.

2 *Sp.*—— Farewel.

FINIS.

THE VISIONS OF THE SOUL,

Before it comes into the

BODY.

In Several DIALOGUES.

Written by a MEMBER OF THE Athenian Society.

There's an innumerable Company of Pre-existent Souls; *those that transgress, are sent down into Bodies, so as being purify'd by such Discipline, they may return again to their own Places.*

Pythagoras.

LONDON,

Printed for John Dunton, at the *Raven* in the *Poultrey*, 1692.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

dark Matter, and Excrements of Stars; which is the reason of its *Altitude:* But the Lower World, like Fools, not knowing so much, do fancy it to be the Way for the Souls of the Blessed to mount to *Paradice.*—— Come, let's be gone; we'll quickly introduce ye into *Sagitarius*'s Acquaintance.

Cupid.—— I long to meet the *Artist*, that we might give you some Divertisement by our Skill.—— But, pray, which is the Way to the *Lower World?*

Vegit.— You must leave *Venus* on the Left, and so to 19 Degrees, 30 Minutes of *Capricorn*; afterwards the Coast is clear, and divided into Right Lines to all parts of the Globe.

Cup.— Farewell, Gentlemen; I'm in haste now, I'll call again some other time.

Vegit.—— And is the Impostor gone? Certainly he was *Cupid.* Why were we so bewitch'd as to believe him? *Cou'd we think the God of Love cou'd speak Truth, when all his Subjects are given to Lying.*

DIALOGUE IX.

Between an Astrologer *and a* Mountebank.

Mount.— WHich way with your Circumferences, Compasses, Figures? *&c.* Ha! What Project's on foot now?

Astr.——

Aſtr.—— To ſurvey the Stars, and take a Note on the Influences written on their Foreheads.

Mount.—— Why ſo?

Aſtr.—— I'm ſure I ſhall be an *Aſtrologer*, and 'tis good to make Collections againſt I have need of 'em: I have a ſtrong Fancy that I ſhall be the *Prophet* of *Europe*. If I'd been imbody'd but Twenty or Thirty Years ſince, I had been the Second *Lilly*, or, at leaſt, his Succeſſor.—— But if, after all, I ſhou'd forget what I now do in this Pre exiſtent State, I ſhall be hardly put to it, about the *Fate* of *Great People*, the *Change* of *Wind* and *Weather*, *Sweet-hearts*, *Loſſes*, *Travels*, *Life*, *Death*, and every thing elſe, unleſs you'll keep Correſpondence with me.

Mount.—— Ay indeed, ſuch a Correſpondence wou'd make you famous; but I've juſt receiv'd a Commiſſion to take Poſſeſſion of an *Embryo*, fated for a *Mountebank*: So that I can ſerve you in nothing, but by giving you Information of the Death of thoſe he deſigns to kill.

Aſtr.—— That will be ſomething: But what ſhall I do for the reſt?

Mount.—— As the reſt of your Neighbours do: Gueſs at what's moſt probable.

Aſtr.—— Then I ſhall be miſtaken ſometimes.

Mount.—— 'Tis your Intereſt you ſhou'd, or you'd be Arraign'd for a *Wizard*.

Aſtr.—— 'Tis hard ſuch an exquiſite Skill and Death ſhou'd be Rivals. But is there no way elſe to eſcape the Fagot, and be famous?

Mount.—

Mount.—— Yes, as a Licens'd Way, as we have to kill People.

Aſtr. Pray, what's that?

Mount.—— Bring other Perſons into a Confederacy with you, who deſign, near ſuch a Time, to Plot, Fight, Marry, Sail, Maſquerade, or any thing elſe that is to be done; and then fall on Propheſying: But you muſt be very confident, and remember a great many Authors Names, (no matter for their Works,) the pretended Influences of the Stars, and Examples of the Wonders you have perform'd, and other Meaſures ſuitable to the blind Side of the Enquirer. And if you can but Rhime, like young *Lilly* o'er his Pills, your Cuſtom grows as thick as Hops, and you may lye in Bed and gather 'em.

Aſtr.——Now I'm ſtock'd indeed, to gull three quarters o'th' Town. But won't my preſent Collections alſo be uſeful?

Mount.—— Yes, if 'twere poſſible to remember; but the Clog of Humanity depreſſes the Vigour of our Faculties, and makes us quite different Beings: So that what I've told you now, muſt be repeated in the other World, and that will be ſufficient, with good Management.

Aſtr.——I'm ſatisfy'd. But what will you do to be as famous as he that came lately (all at one time, I think 'twas) from all the Courts in *Chriſtendom*, into this part of the Globe juſt under us? You know who I mean, the Stars tell me ſo; I can't forbear trying my Faculty.

Mount.—

Mount.—— Right: I was a great Familiar with his Soul, before *Adam* and *Eve* went to Bed together. About 2593 Years ſince, he was for going into a young *Criſpin*; and I very hardly diſſuaded him, by telling him, his Miſtriſs wou'd be skill'd in *Palmeſtry*, and read his Paſs into another World through his own Styrrup-Leather.

Aſtr.—— A kind Diſappointment. But what's this to the Queſtion I ask'd?

Mount.—— Well, he's a famous *Mountebank* now, and cures every thing that he fails not in; and when he miſſes, he cannot loſe his Reputation, for he left that behind him in *Italy*, where it ſtarv'd to death.

Aſtr.—— How came he to be ſo famous then?

Mount.—— E'en as you muſt; by Confederacy, thus, The *Lyar* that he makes uſe of, to roar about the Stage, and tie the unthinking Multitude together, having got a credulous Patient, takes the ſilly Thing by the Hand, to that Corner of the Stage where the Curtain hangs, and the liſt'ning Doctor behind it;—and then he begins to examine what Grievance? Where? How long? and ſuch other like Queſtions as are for his purpoſe. Whereupon the Doctor draws off at a diſtance, and the Patient is introduc'd; to whom he tells every thing, like an Oracle, without any Queſtions, receives his Fees, and ſets a little longer time (for ſuch a deſperate Cure) than he deſigns to tarry. And ſo he deals with the whole Generation of *Adam*, to the latter end of the Chapter.—— There are a Thouſand other handy

handy Ways of killing People, and getting their Moneys for't, but 'tis not for my Interest to make 'em publick, lest the World shou'd be convinc'd against I set up, and stone me, amongst the rest of my honest Fellow-Travellers.

DIALOGUE X.

Between Two Spirits, *about the Retrogradation of the* Dragon's Head *and* Tail.

1. *Sp.*—— DID you hear of the *Dragon*'s Frolick?

2. *Sp.*—— Not I: I have been upon the Ramble these three Days, I am but just now arriv'd in this Region, and am going to tell my Landlord *Aquarius*, that I have no design to bilk my Lodging. But, pray, what's this Frolick you talk of?

1. *Sp.*—— The *Dragon's Tail* taking it ill to come always behind, grew very importunate to lead the *Head* for one Day; and the *Head* being tyr'd out with continual Sollicitations, agreed to be led: Accordingly the *Tail* set forward, and began his Journey; but wanting Eyes, soon mistook his Course, and rambled to the Borders of his Regions, where he fell down, and light upon *Aquarius*'s Water-pots;

pots; which flew with ſuch a Noiſe, that the lower World thought it a Clap of Thunder. *Piſces* being the next Sign, (and peeping above Water, to learn what ſtrange Motion that was) cry'd out to his *two Fiſhes* to ſecure themſelves, for the *Leviathan* was upon the Scamper for Prey. The *Dragon* (which he thought to be the *Leviathan*) being ſo bruis'd with the Fall, began to repent of his Retrograde Journey; for his *Head*, by ſuch a Motion, got the *Vertigo*, and dizzy Drunkenneſs, his Body was cut by the *Pitchers*, beſides the Abuſes the unfortunate Traveller light on from the Inhabitants of that Region; who taking him for a Monſter, began to ſurround him, maulling him with the *Beam* of *Libra*, and the Fragments of the *Pitchers*, without asking Queſtions, or taking the Legal Procedure againſt him for the ſuppoſed Invaſion.

2 *Sp.* This Account is ſurprizing, eſpecially being ſo near my Lodging. Methinks this wou'd be very proper for Application, if the Story was told in the lower world, where *Reaſon is poſtpon'd to Senſe*, and the ill Conſequences ſeldom taken Notice of, till the whole Man is ſhipwrack'd and loſt;—— But what became of the *Dragon*?

1 *Sp.*—*Nature* finding her work imperfect, without the re-aſſumption of the fallen Wretch into his place, and that the whole Generation of *Aſtrologers* wou'd be at a loſs in their Obſervations, order'd the *Dragon* to be put into the one of *Libra*'s Scales, and a Weight into the other, ſufficient to mount him up into his own Region; which was accordingly

cordingly done; where, being arrived, he ſet head foremoſt, and ſwore by all the *Planets* he wou'd never be rul'd by his *Tail* again.——The *Tail* being aſham'd of its Miſcarriage, hid it ſelf betwixt the Legs, which is the Reaſon that the little *Stars* in't diſappear'd, when *Archimedes* thought to have found 'em at the end of his Teleſcope.

DIALOGUE XI.

Between a Spirit *and his* Friend, *lately Imbodied in an* Infant.

Spir.——WHat, have you forgot your old Companion? or are you aſleep as well as your Body?

Friend.——Who's that?

Spi.——Your late Friend *A*;——when we parted, you deſir'd me to pay you a Viſit in your new Lodgings; and you knew I was always punctual at an Aſſignation, where Friendſhip was the Motive: I long to know what Entertainment you have light on, what Liberties you enjoy, or what Confinements you lie under, that I may take an Eſtimate thereby what I have to truſt to when my Turn comes.

Fr.——To give a Journal of my Entertainment, will be juſt the ſame Satisfaction that a Criminal has when he is no longer perplex'd

plex'd betwixt Hope and Deſpair; but is aſſur'd he ſhall be hang'd; but you are not deny'd the Criminal's Comfort, to wit, *Company*: But not to detain you from Particulars, when I parted with you, I immediately ſhot into the *Embryo* I told you of, as ſwift as a *Falling Star*, and before I was aware, I was diſpers'd through the whole Lump; not a Finger or Toe but I was buſie in't, as the haſty Heir is amongſt his Coffers and Leaſes when his Father's a dying; but as to my firſt Motion, I thought 'twas juſt like a half-drown'd Fly, when the Sun begins to ſhine upon it, which firſt puts out a Leg, then a Wing, and ſo by degrees gathers Motion, till it preſumes upon its own ſtrength, and new Adventures; ſo I, firſt a Knee, then an Elbow, , then a Heel, and ſo on, till I grew ſo troubleſom a Gueſt, that my Mother cry'd out for help, to be ſhut on me; & ſo by a *Writ of Ejection* diſpoſſeſs'd me of my warm Tenement, and turn'd me out into the wide world, naked, helpleſs, and *full of Tears*: But then began the Plague of Dependance, and the Date my Misfortunes; for you will find when you come into a Body, that a Soul does ſympathize, and receive an Impreſſion of Pleaſure or Pain, accordihg to the reſentment of the Senſes, *& vice verſa*, the Body participates in the Eaſe or Diſturbance of the Soul. I am now but juſt ſix weeks old, and methinks 'tis longer than the Six Thouſand Years of my *Pre-Exiſtence*; for I'm horribly abus'd Night and Day. 'Tis ſaid, *The Ape is ſo very tender of her young ones, that ſhe frequenty hugs*

hugs them to death; but my Nurſe only mocks me with ſuch a Kindneſs; for when ſhe has almoſt ſtrangled me for want of Breath, ſhe recovers me to ſtrangle me again. And if I Itch or Smart, am ſwadled too ſtraight or too looſe, am hungry, or over-cramb'd, 'tis all one; for I've no way to declare my grievance, but by ſprawling, making a foul face, or exerciſing my treble Organs, and that does not avail me neither; for I'm only look'd upon to be peeviſh, and out of humour; whether this Uſage will kill me, or whether I ſhall weather it out to abide worſe, I know not: But this I know, That if I was to begin my *Pre-exiſtent* State again, I'd take heed of ſuch extravagant Rambles as cou'd be atton'd by no leſs a Penance than ſuch an Incorporation.

Sp.——If you find ſuch Penance for *Pre-exiſtent Extravagances*, alas what will become of me, who am in ten times deeper than you; the foot of my Account will be amazing, when your ſmall Debt has ſuch ſevere Exactions.

Fr.——I don't know that, but pray withdraw; here comes the Nurſe to beſlabber me with Caudle; if ſhe finds the Body without me, and unactive, the Houſe will be all in an uproar, and my new Companion will be laid out, and ſtarv'd to death; and I dread a ſecond Change, remembring the old Proverb,—— *Seldom comes a better.*

DIA-

DIALOGUE XII,

Between the whole Order of Rational Souls, *and* Two Intelligencers *from the other World.*

Order.—— WHat more Complaints still? Shall we be for ever plagu'd with Repetitions of the harsh Reception our Fraternity find below?—— Here,—— Who are the Friends of the Parties incorporate? Stand forth, and declare your Grievance.

1 *Intell.* A great Intimate of mine, and a Member of our Order, is unfortunately ty'd to a Fidler, who runs eternal Divisions, to the great Curse of every Visitant's Ear; never considering, that what delights him, may be a great Mortification to another.— One of his Acquaintance the other Day, being tir'd with a Whimsey, on *Green Sleeves and Pudding-Pyes*, (an Air well known to the Musical Tribe in that Globe,) began to be free with him, telling him what he thought of his Entertainment; and in Conclusion, broke his *Crowd* and *Fiddle-stick*.

Order.—— Perhaps he might deserve it. But how cou'd the Soul (your Friend) suffer by that Accident?

1. *Intell.*—I ask'd my Friend this very Question; and he answer'd,—— That tho' by a Habitude of Incorporation he began to love

the Body, yet he was ſo much afraid of Violence, (being a Party,) that he try'd all the Windows of his Tenement, to make an Eſcape; but coming to the Ear, he heard the welcome Sound of *Impoſe leſs on your Friends, and ſo farewell.* My Friend thinking the Storm was over, began to love the *Ear* for the welcome News he heard in't, tho' indeed 'twas the moſt frequent part of Reſidence that my Friend had in the whole *Material Fabrick.*—— He had not tarry'd long there, but he was ſummon'd to tune another *Fiddle*; but the Chamber-door was firſt lock'd, and no *Fidler* was at home for more Viſitants: So away they went to work; the *Fidler* with his *Fingers*, *Wry Mouth*, and other antick Geſtures; and my Friend, according to his Office of *Perception*, judg'd of *Meaſure* and *Proportions.* And having tun'd that alſo into the uſual *Concordance*, a *Mournful Ditty* was to be compos'd, and ſet, to bewail the unhappy Abuſe of his Wooden *Apollo*; not conſidering that the bare Remembrance of a Diſgrace is afflicting to any body, but one that carries his *Soul* in his *Ears.* Now, my Friend being ignorant what Diſtance lay between *b flat* and *b ſharp*, or how much a *Leſſer Third* differ'd from a *Greater Sixth*, was not ſo able as willing to aſſiſt his Comrade in the *Compoſure*: Who thereupon rag'd, ſwore, grew diſtracted, and out of Revenge, has cruelly confin'd my Friend to the cold Priſon of his *Fiddle*, where he uſes to viſit him two or three times a Night; allowing no better Converſe, than the doleful Accents of *Mad Tom o'Bedlam.*

Order.——

Order.—This Account is Argument dismal enough to add to our *Litany*, *From Fidlers, Libera nos, Domine.* But who's the second Complainant? What has he to say?

2. *Intell.*—— A Race of——

Order.—— Of what?

2. *Intell.*—Of— I dare not mention the ugly Name, for fear it brings a Distraction amongst us, and the very Malignity of the Sound infect us with the Fatality of its Heresies.—— But if a general dark Character will satisfie, 'tis unwillingly ready.

Order.——Certainly it can't be much worse than the Accounts we have already. Let's have the full, particular Relation.

2. *Intell.*— Well, since ye are so covetous of what ye will repent, take it.—— A Society of *Virtuosoes*, in which a Friend of mine has lately commenc'd, and for which I'm sure he'll be damn'd, has bewitch'd the other World with fruitless Discourses, unprofitable Disputes, needless Digressions, of *Posse, Esse, Quiddity, Predicament*, and a Thousand such Sounds; by which they have lost their own Reason, and despoil'd their Followers of theirs too. They will make every thing disputable, so much as the *Pre-Existence of Souls*: Nay, they'll not believe the *Existence of a Deity*, if their Antagonist proves it not by a *Syllogism*, in *Mood* and *Figure*. *Two* and *Three* is not *Five* amongst them, without a Consequence from just Premises. A certain *Heretick Pedant* the other Day maintain'd a *Vacuum*, and proselyted a simple Country Gentleman by such seeming Reasons, as he wanted Sense to confute.——

One of 'em, as I was inform'd, was this,— *It wou'd be ridiculous to think, that when a Gnat puſhes back a parcel of Air with its Wings, that parcel drives another before it, and that another; and ſo the ſtirring of the Little Toe of a Flea ſhou'd raiſe a Bunch upon the Back of the Univerſe.* The unthinking *Plebeian* having long wiſh'd *Suicide* no Murder, becauſe his Miſtreſſes Unkindneſs made him weary of his Life, ſtraightway retir'd out of the Aſſembly, and thank'd his pitying *Genius* for providing a way to cure his Melancholy, *viz.* by the help of a *Vacuum*; reſolving to lay the Fault upon Nature in the Day of Judgment, that he was accidentally in a place, where he cou'd not live any longer, for want of Breath. Whereupon he immediately made and executed his *Laſt Will and Teſtament*, and took his Leave of all his Friends.— And, in order to find out a *Vacuum*, he caus'd all his Blunderbuſſes, Guns and Muſquets to be laid over a Gate, ready to diſcharge; and behind 'em, two of his Servants, well mounted, with a hanging Carpet between 'em, with ſo much Lead at the bottom as to keep it tight and perpendicular; and thus, having wiſh'd Happineſs to his fair Tormenter, he order'd the Pieces to be fir'd, and his Servants (to whom he had bequeath'd his Horſes for this laſt Office of Friendſhip) to ſet Spurs to their Legacies, and follow the ſcowr'd Road, he himſelf bringing up the Rear, and charging about for the *Vacuum*. But after he had almoſt run himſelf out of breath in a vain Purſuit of it, he retir'd to the Aſſembly of *Virtuoſoes*, which was not yet broke

broke up, saluting his Teacher by the Name of *Mad-man*, and *Beggar of Questions:* But the *Virtuoso*, to maintain his Credit, asserted that the Gentleman might have found the *Vacuum* if he had follow'd close up to the Carpet. Whereupon, another of the Gentleman's Acquaintance, resenting his Friend's Disgrace, order'd the same Trial again, resolving to keep up close to the windy Engine, to prove the Assertion a Falsity; but he, to keep Ground, ran himself out of breath, and fell down dead: Which Accident upheld the Credit of the *Vacuum*.

Another wou'd prove, *That a small Thread, which was equally twisted, and all of the same Matter, wou'd sustain a greater weight than a Cable Rope that was unequally twisted.* To prove which, he offer'd this Reason, *That being all of a strength, it had no place to break first.* A little School-Boy that stood by, wish'd his Father had known that Secret before his Ship-wreck. *It had been all one,* (reply'd another of his Form-fellows;) *for the Thread wou'd have broke close by the Ship, by reason of the Additional Weight of the rest of the Thread. In like manner, if the Thread hang'd in a perpendicular Line, with a Weight at the End of it, it wou'd break at the Upper End, because the Lower End wou'd not bear so much Weight as the Upper End, by the Weight of the Thread. Nay, Suppose the Thread laid upon a Level, and extended beyond its strength; having no place to break first, it must break in all places at once: For if Particulars cannot act beyond their Power, Generals cannot; both coming under one Predicament.* Three Quarters of the Auditory

cou'd not understand the Boy, who therefore was whipp'd for his Sawcineſs and Interruption. So that that Orator alſo ſate down with his Credit.

A Third ſtood up, and, without pretending to prove any thing, drove all the Auditory out of the little Wit they had left, by asking, *Whether there may not be an Infinity of Worlds, this Globe being not ſo big as thoſe above? Whether this World might not be made out of the Ruins of a preceding Old One? Whether theſe Globes may not be the Excrements of the Sun? Whether it might not be better for the next Generation to be taught to go upon All Four, for ſeveral good Reaſons that might be given? Whether the Repreſentatives of Nature's* Pudenda *were not a more proper Badge of Honour to wear at a Cavalier's Girdle, than a Sword; ſince this is a Mark of Death, and that of Life? Whether this Tuft of Graſs* (pulling one out of his Pocket) *may not be a Man within theſe Sixty Years? Whether, if it were poſſible for one Man to imitate another in all his Members, Motions and Geſtures, that Imitator ſhould not, by Equality of Organs, be ſuſceptive of the other's Thoughts and Inclination? Whether an Eternity of Matter is diſputable? Whether the Souls of Men are Pre-exiſtent, or Contemporary with the Body? Whether it is not a great Abſurdity to attribute to a Vacuity that Quality of Yielding to a Body, and that Space which are the Dependencies of an Extent, which can only agree to a Subſtance? Whether*——

Order.—— Hold: No more *Whethering* in *Virtuoſiſm.* Poor Earth! Alas, What Entertainment can we expect in thee? We ſhall be ſweetly

ſweetly brought to Bed if *Virtuociſm* finds encouragement, and propagates till there's no other Trade for us to take up with. Haſten our Spindles, dear *Parcæ*, whilſt there are ſome Infidels, and Oppoſers of theſe Doctrines.

DIALOGUE XIII.

Between the Spirits of an Emperor *and a* Beggar.

Beggar.——'TIS enough for Humanity, that knows no better, to be Noiſie Querulous, and arraign the Juſtice of *Fate*, and the wiſe diſpenſation of Providence, who fits not the *particular Chain of Cauſes* to the private humour of this or that Party; but reſpects the univerſal Good at once: hence I am ſatisfied, the *deſpicable Poſt* aſſign'd me, is wiſely diſpos'd, and ought to be accepted with gratitude, ſince 'tis inconſiſtent with the goodneſs of the *Divine Being*, to make a general Good incompatible with a particular one; whence it is alſo plain, that I may be happy in my Station. But was I to chuſe, and knew not what Fate had ordain'd me, I'd be an *Emperor at leaſt*; How full of Charms is it *to imitate the Divine Original of Beings, to ſee whole Kingdoms depend upon me, to be encompaſs'd with eternal Heads of Nakedneſs; to have*

the power of exalting one, and debaſing another; of rewarding Vertue, and puniſhing Vice; of diſpoſing of Life and Death; in ſhort, to be an Earthly God. Now muſt I ſuffer Affronts and Abuſes, without the power of Revenge, to ſtoop, and acknowledge my dependance to almoſt every Being. Alas, what's the meaning of that *Providential Riddle*, That Man is the Lord of the world; That Beaſt, Fiſh and Fowl are his, when there's ſo many Rivals that the Title is loſt. and one part of Humanity can pretend ſo little to a propriety in *Rule*; That the ſame Predicament ſerves for us, and thoſe things we are ſaid to be Lords of? *Man diſpoſes of Man as he doe's of a Beaſt, even to exchanging, ſelling, and Slavery.* Methinks it is unaccountable; ſince all are *out of the ſame Duſt, ſtamp'd with the ſame Impreſſion, equal in their Nothingneſs*, both *à parte ante*, and *à parte poſt*. Nay their very *Souls* which animate theſe *groſſer Vehicles*, are alſo equal, only acting differently, by a more or leſs aptitude of Organs, or inequality of Education.

Emperor.——Tho' we Spirits fell not when the Angels did; yet we have certainly the ſame defectibility of Judgment; for *two things* (eſpecially Oppoſites) *cannot be both beſt.* Call you a Beggar's Condition deſpicable and ſlaviſh? 'Tis certainly the happieſt *Poſt* in the Creation; and were it poſſible for *Fate* to be guilty of a Caprice, and caſt Lots once more about the *Diſpoſals of Emperors and Beggars*, I'd petition to renew my Chance; poſſibly I might the ſecond time alter my Condition, and come out a *happy Beggar.* *Beggar.*

Beggar. ——Why ſo?

Emperor.——Becauſe there appears to me a greater happineſs in an *unenvied Cottage*, than in the *Noiſie Crowds of Flatterers.* Little does the *Plebeian* know how *heavy a Crown weighs*; how great the Truſt is, and how hard to be managed. 'Tis the Court that's full of *Treachery, Ambition, Pride, Bribes*, and ſuch a dreadful Catalogue of Vices, that 'tis impoſſible for the beſt of Men to arrive to a greater degree of Goodneſs there, than a *Negation of Evil.* The *Watch* muſt be kept ſo ſtrictly, that there's *no time to act virtuouſly.* But in the *retir'd Solitudes of Poverty*, one Third of our Temptations are loſt, the *uneaſineſs of the Senſe, cauſes a ſearch after the quiet of the Mind.* We have nothing to reſiſt in Solitude, but a few ſtragling Thoughts; nor nothing to ſeek after, but to be happy. There we are free from *publick Calamities*: and *private Enemies*, unenvy'd in every thing but Happineſs; and 'tis impoſſible to ſteal that from us, when we have nothing elſe to do but to keep it: Nay, if we ſhou'd communicate it, we loſe nothing, but have more by giving. I cou'd reckon up *Auguſtus, Diocleſian, Maximinian, Varius, Empedocles*, &c. who laid by their Scepters for Spades; and cou'd alſo mention how happy the Change was; but the remembrance wou'd make my Crown too uneaſie, which now *I muſt bear as well as I can.*

Beggar.——'Tis in vain to wiſh on either ſide what can't be avoided. But, ſay Brother, won't the Caſe be ſtrangely alter'd by our *different Stations in the other World?*——

Methinks

Methinks I see you sometimes *royally seated amongst the Representatives of your Kingdom, sometimes in private Council, turning over the* Cabala, *or darker Mysteries of State, but always look'd upon as more than mortal.* Methinks I also see my self injur'd and over-pow'rd by the *Mint of Damnation*, and my *Addresses to your Highness*, by Friends or Petition, in agitation; Methinks I see my *cold reception*, the Meanness of my Concerns lost amongst *Matters of greater Moment*, and my Importunity for a Dispatch, answer'd by the Insolences of *a hundred subordinate Officers*; one denies me admittance, another turns me out, and every one looks upon me an impertinent, worthless *Thing*, because I left all my *Nobility and Attendance behind me among the Stars.*

Emperor.——By this you may in some measure judge of the distracted Cares of a *Crown*; how amongst these numerous Complaints, Petitions, *&c.* 'tis impossible to hear and redress all, time won't permit, and *Omnipresence is not confer'd to Earthly Scepters*, to act every where, and every thing at once. Think y' it not afflicting to a Father to see many of his Children strugling under Unhappinesses, and whilst he relieves some, others perish; and also that he has many more under the same Circumstances, that he knows not of.

Beggar.——Enough; let's not think so much on the *Evils of Humanity*, as to lose the sense of that little Good of which it is capable; *Not to be happy in some things, because we can't in every thing, is an unkind Theft to our selves*

ſelves. Compare the Diſtractions of other Crowns to yours, whilſt I examine *whoſe Cottage is meaner than mine*; and this (with other like Inferences,) will divert the black Reflections we have made; An earthly Philoſopher could ſay, *Nemo Miſer niſi comparatus. Come, let's not learn of the World below us, but give them Examples.* We can't miſs, if we *retire to our Region*; for there being *nothing but Equality*, 'tis impoſſible any one ſhou'd pretend to be more happy or miſerable than another.

DIALOGUE XIV.

Between Two Spirits that made a Contract to keep a Correſpondence, whoever came to be Embodied firſt.

The Unbodied Spirit. —— CErtainly he can underſtand me, now I have aſſum'd this Body of Air. —— *Holo Brother* —— I have been calling theſe two hours to no purpoſe Do you hear me now?

Bodyed Spirit. — Hear ye! Yes; who are ye? And what's your Buſineſs?

Unbody'd Sp. —— What, Have you forgot me *your old Comrade, and your Contract?* Has this Lump of Humanity ſpoil'd all your Faculties,

culties, or are you ungrateful, or over-proud of your new Lodging?

Body'd Sp.—I don't know what you mean by Forgetfulneſs, or Contract.

Unbody'd Sp.——That's very ſtrange: I'm certain, *This is the Body you were to animate*, and by conſequence, you muſt be the ſame *Individual* that agreed with me to keep a *Correſpondence*, when you came into this Body. I had forgot my ſelf, and have been all this time ſpeaking to you in the *Language of Spirits*, not knowing it was too fine for the Perceptions of an Organiz'd Body.

Body'd Sp.——By this you'd make me believe a *Pre-exiſtent State of Souls* before they come into the Body: But if there be ſuch a State, I have *wholly forgot it*; only I have ſome *dark Ideas* of things when they are mention'd that I never ſaw nor heard of before; which probably may proceed from the *Cognizance* I took of 'em before I was imbody'd.

Unbody'd Sp.——That's no Argument at all; ſince that *Idea* gives you neither the *Species*, nor the *Form* of the Thing ſpoken of, if neither be mention'd; as for Inſtance, If I ſhou'd tell you in general Terms, That at the *Weſt-end of the* Vatican *at* Rome, there's a curious Picture; you wou'd preſently *form an Idea* of it in your Mind; but perhaps it may be a *Saint*, inſtead of a *Land-skip*: but to paſs over that, have you any *Idea of the Language of Spirits?*

Body'd Sp.——None but ſuch as is Organical.

Unbody'd

Unbody'd Sp.——By this you may see your Errour again; for *Spirits speak one to another, as Man does, when he speaks to God in his Mind.* Again, Man's Voice is limited; I mean, when he speaks, he is not heard but at such a distance; but when one *Spirit* speaks, all the *Thousand Millions of Spirits*, where-ever dispers'd throughout the Creation, have a distinct perception of such Speech, if directed to them all at once; or if directed to any one *Spirit*, be he never so far off, *he only hears*; and not one of all those that are betwixt him and the Speaker; so that 'tis *as ordinary a thing for Spirits* to converse one with another at the most protracted distances, as 'tis face to face; but this is only to your Capacity; for there's no such a thing as distance amongst *Spirits*; for they are as near one another, when the whole *Cœlum Empyreum* is betwixt 'em, as they are when both together, and yet they are not like God, *every where at once, or omnipresent.*

Body'd Sp.——This is strange Doctrine to Mortals;——pray' how do *Spirits move?* whether locally by a *Medium*, or in an instant, or in Time, or how?

Unbody'd Sp.——None of all this——for what is impartible, is not moveable; for, according to *Humane Philosophy*, (which holds in this Case,) any thing that is moving, whilst it is moving, is partly *in termino a quo*, and partly *in termino ad quem*; which is inconsistent with *Impartibility.* Nor can a Spirit move so, as to pass through a *Medium*: As for Instance, To go from *London* to *Rome*, or *Constantinople*, without

without passing over the distance, or places betwixt 'em: Now every thing that passes, *passes through a place equal to it self*, (as suppose through Air, Water, *&c.* the place that the Body is in, is equal to the Body which fills it.) But the place equal to an Indivisible Spirit, (speaking *ad Humanum Captum*) is a **Point**; and therefore if an Angel or Spirit, by his Motion, passes through a *Medium*, he must necessarily pass through or number *many Points in termino ad quem*; which is impossible. To speak yet nearer the *Common Apprehension* of Mortals, a Man may in his Mind think of *France*, and then immediately of *Syria*, without thinking of *Italy*, which is the *Medium*, betwixt both: And this comes neareſt the *Motion of Spirits*; now whether this Motion is effected in Time, or in an Instant. (As thus, When God Almighty commissionated an Angel to go and appear to *Manoah*, whether in coming from Heaven he might be a Day, an Hour, or a Minute; or whether he was there in the same *unsuccessive Moment* wherein he receiv'd the Commission.) To this we answer in respect of Men, who are ty'd up to the *gross Rules of Time, Place, Matter*, &c. There was a Flux of Time betwixt the Receipt of the Commission, and the Execution of it: But in respect of the Nature of Angels, the Receipt of their Commission, the Execution of it, and a Thousand Years after the Execution of it, were all included in one **Unsuccessive Now**: The Reason of it is this, If there were a Time for the Beginning of an Action, and another Time for the Ending

Ending of it, then there wou'd be Succeſſion, and by conſequence *Partibility*; but that's inconſiſtent (as above) with the Nature of an *Indiviſible Being*, as an Angel or a Spirit are.

Body'd Spirit. But ſuppoſing *Motion*, *Time*, *Place*, &c. to be attributed to Angels and Spirits, in reſpect to Mankind, as really they are: As it may be ſaid, *A Spirit is in ſuch a Place now, and was not two Hours ſince.* Suppoſing (I ſay) ſuch a way of ſpeaking, in *reference to Mankind*, how is it feaſible for *a Spirit*, *a Witch*, &c. to be ſo, or to go through the *Key-hole of a Door?*

Unbody'd Spirit. Well, allowing ſuch a Condeſcention, *ad Humanum Captum*, yet 'tis a vulgar Errour. *Firſt*, As to *Witches:* They never do it, 'tis their Spirits, and they (I mean their Bodies and Animal Life) are all the while in an *Examinated Trance*, wherein the Devil does make uſe of their Fancy, to inform them of what paſſes at a diſtance in thoſe *Aerial Bodies* that reſemble them, and in which their Spirits really are: As *Mankind* want not many Inſtances of ſuch Truths. A Spirit's paſſing through a *Key-hole* is abſurdly ridiculous; for ſince Matter is not determinative on Spirits, 'tis all one to them to paſs through *Gold*, *Glaſs*, or the moſt *Continuous Solidities in Nature*, as to paſs through *Air* only. So that when a Spirit aſſumes an *Aerial Body*, ſince Air it ſelf is Matter, or a Body, and ſince there can't be *Penetration of Bodies*, it follows, that a Spirit which is to go through *Glaſs*, *Stone*, &c. leaves the *Aerial Body* which it has, and only paſſes through the *Glaſs*, *Stone*,

Stone, &c. in its own Nature, and assumes a *new Body of Air* on the other side; and here also may be a Solution of those *strange Riddles*, (for so they are to some Mortals,) how a *Witch* receives the Wound in the same Part, in which the Aerial Representation of her receiv'd it. As for Instance; *A Fallen Angel* prompts a *Witch* to afflict such a Person: She consents; and being under this *Angel's* power, he makes use of natural Methods, so as to invert the ordinary Operation of her Animal Powers, (as above,) that she falls into a *Trance*, insensible of *Burns*, *Cuts*, &c. Now this *wicked Angel* having a *permissive Possession of her Spirit*, forms a *Body of Air* for it, organiz'd, and fit for Perception, in which it assaults and afflicts the Person design'd: But in all the Instances that *Mankind* can bring of such *Aerial Representations* that have been struck at, whether in *Humane* or *Brutal Shape*, the Persons that struck never felt that they *hit any thing but Air*; which is a certain Evidence that 'twas not the true Body of what it represented. Now, this *wicked Angel* being present with the *Witch's Spirit*, and taking notice where, and what the Wound wou'd have been, had it been a *real Body*, amongst other the Occurrences that he represents to the *Witch's* Fancy, he *insinuates the Wound*, and at the same time inflicts it himself upon the *real Part of the Body* which was *representatively cut or wounded in the Phantasm*; the *Witch* all the time believing the whole to be a real Truth, and acted personally.

Unbody'd

Body'd Spirit. Possibly 'tis so. But, pray, is there a *Number of Spirits, or different Species amongst 'em?*

Unbody'd Spirit. Humanely speaking, there's *Thousands of Thousands*; but in the Language of Spirits there's no such a gross Term as *Number*; for *Number* is a *discrete Quantity, caus'd by a Division of Continuity:* But this is inconsistent with the Nature of Spirits.— And as to *Difference of Species*, to which we might add *Equality*, or *Inequality*, they are Terms adapted to *Matter*, and therefore amongst *Immaterial Beings*, 'tis the most egregious Nonsence that can be imagin'd.

Body'd Spirit. What's the difference betwixt a Spirit's Perception, and ours?

Unbody'd Spirit. A great deal, Men think, by means of the Senses. Suppose the *Eye:* First, There must be an *Union* betwixt the Sight, and the thing seen; for Vision is not in *Act*, except the thing seen is after a certain manner in the thing seeing; and this not by an Assumption of the Substance, but of the Similitude of the thing seen, into the Eye. Now this *Visive Power* having assum'd a *Similitude* of the thing seen into the Eye, the *Intellect abstracts Universals from it*; which Act is call'd the *Perception*, and according to this Perception we judge and act. But 'tis not so with Spirits, they have *no Perception from divisible or sensible Objects*; for what by our Senses we know of Material Objects, that they know from the *Effluviums* of the Deity. As for Instance, *God is the Cause of every Substance, both as to its Matter and Form*; therefore God, according